

PHOTO PORTFOLIO: IRELAND'S GHOSTLY MANSIONS

Rod Serling's

October 1982/\$2

# THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

NEW JOURNEYS OF THE IMAGINATION  
AND ALWAYS . . . THE UNEXPECTED

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## From Sherlock Holmes to 'Star Trek' An Outspoken Interview with Nicholas Meyer

NINE UNFORGETTABLE NEW STORIES

by Robert Sheckley, Avram Davidson and others

ADOLF HITLER RETURNS  
in 'Alive and Well in ...'

'IN PRAISE OF PIP'  
COMPLETE ROD SERLING 'TWILIGHT ZONE' SCRIPT

LOVECRAFT, POE & TOLKIEN  
ON TAPE

A GUIDE TO  
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NEW HORROR QUIZ!

THOMAS DISCH  
ON BOOKS

RON GOULART  
ON MOVIES



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'Summer of Monsters'  
by Dale Hammell



# THE TWILIGHT ZONE

Rod Serling's  
Magazine

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October 1982

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# Royalty...

In this time of royal births and Jewish American Princesses, I'm proud to announce that this issue of TZ features a story by a king.

It all begins a hundred years ago, when one Matthew Dowdy Shiell, an Irish trader living on the Caribbean island of Montserrat, near Antigua, gave young Matthew Phipps Shiell—his ninth child and only son—a most unusual birthday present. Accompanied by family friends, they sailed fifteen miles north to the tiny island of Redonda, a bleak volcanic outcropping inhabited only by goats, rats, hermit crabs, and the sea birds known as boobies; and there, amid much celebration, the elder Shiell had his son crowned "Felipe I, King of Redonda." The son (who had his own ideas about spelling) grew up to be the noted writer **M. P. SHIEL**, author of *The Purple Cloud* and other classics of fantasy. Years later, living in London, he recalled the coronation in his own inimitable style:

My father was a ship-owner, who had the foible—Irish!—of thinking highly of people "descended from kings" ... He had, in truth, about him some species of kingship, aloofness, was called by all "the governor," and on my fifteenth birthday, July 21st, 1880, had me crowned King of Radundo (sic), a day of gala and of a great meeting of ships and people, many of them the worse for drink, the ceremony being performed by Dr. Semper, then Bishop of Antigua, whose palm daubed me with the balm of anointment, and I can't forgive myself for the solemnity and dignity with which I figured in that show: for what is a king without subjects? Radundo is a rock-land of scarcely nine square miles, and my subjects were troops innumerable of boobies sweeping steeply into the sea like meteors streaming, with eleven poor men who gathered the boobies' excrement to make "guano"—manure.

Shiell maintained the fictitious kingship throughout his life, alluding to it often and naming as his successor, "King Juan I," his friend and executor **JOHN GAWSWORTH**, who inherited the throne on Shiell's death in 1947. Gawsorth was a talented poet and editor who appears to have charmed almost everyone he met, but he had a fatal weakness for burgundy. By the time he died in 1970, a penniless alcoholic, he had established a



Shiell



Gawsorth



Wynne-Tyson

veritable Redondan nobility, conferring "dukedom" on a host of literary figures, friends, and fellow pub-crawlers. Indeed, in the 1953 *Who's Who*, he listed his favorite recreation as "creating nobility." (Among its more illustrious members were Arthur Machen, Edith Sitwell, August Derleth, Ellery Queen, Dylan Thomas, Lawrence and Gerald Durrell, Henry Miller, Victor Gollancz, Alfred Knopf, Dorothy Sayers, Michael Gough, Stephen Potter, J. B. Priestley, and Rebecca West.) "Sad as it may now seem," writes Shiell biographer A. Reynolds Morse, "the bulk of the late peerages were bought only for a bottle, a whim, and a laugh." At one point, in fact, Gawsorth gained international attention when he ran an ad in the *Times* offering to sell the monarchy itself for a thousand guineas.

Upon his death the kingdom passed into the more responsible hands of "Juan II," better known as **JON WYNNE-TYSON**, Shiell's present executor, founder of the Centaur Press in Sussex, and author of several books on ecology, as well as works of fiction such as this issue's *Pigs Are Sensitive*. Describing himself as "Redonda's third and most reluctant monarch," Wynne-Tyson concludes: "The legend is and should remain a pleasing and eccentric fairy tale; a piece of literary mythology to be taken with salt, romantic sighs, appropriate perplexity, some amusement, but without great seriousness. It is, after all, a fantasy ..."

Some of the above material comes from *The Quest for Redonda* and *The Works of M. P. Shiell*, both privately published by A. Reynolds Morse (JDS Books, Box 67 MCS, Dayton, Ohio), and from poet/historian Steve Eng, who's

preparing a biography of John Gawsorth and deserves the final word in his defense:

Whatever else he was, recall He was a Bookman after all. And at his quietest, a poet too. Redonda ... wins ... the sordid rest Ignore for now—exalt the best! For there was good in Gawsorth, as in you.

In this issue's TZ Interview, when **NICHOLAS MEYER** says, of *The Seven Percent Solution*, "What I really wanted to see was a new Holmes adventure, and nothing good was coming out: ... I wrote it strictly for me," he has some excellent antecedents, including Benjamin Disraeli ("When I want to read a good book, I write one"), Kathleen Norris ("I write what I would like to read—what I think other women would like to read"), Marianne Moore ("Any writer overwhelmingly honest about pleasing himself is almost sure to please others"), and John D. MacDonald ("My purpose is to entertain myself first and other people secondly"). All the foregoing, incidentally, are from *The Writer's Quotation Book* (Penguin), edited by James Charlton. Lovecraft, it seems, felt much the same: "He contended that he would not write if he could find what he desired already written," his friend Robert Barlow noted (in some *Notes on H.P. Lovecraft*, reprinted by the Necronomicon Press of West Warwick, RI). And I see in a recent *Swank* that Mickey Spillane has added his voice to the throng: "I write the kind of books I like to read." Maybe all these people are onto something.

For the revealing Meyer interview, we have **MARK DENIS SHEPARD** to thank. A filmmaker himself since age six ("heavily

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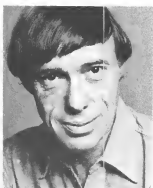
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Sheckley



Hall



Hecht



Hammell



Sarrantonio

influenced by *The Blob*, no less—I mean, how'd they do that thing, anyway?" and director of a feature-length horror film called *Spiderweb*, he's interviewed the likes of Steven Spielberg, George Pal, and Richard Dreyfuss for various West Coast publications.

Several writers are making return appearances in this issue, among them **ROBERT SHECKLEY**, back in TZ for the fifth time (or the eighth, if you count his book reviews) with *Five Minutes Early*, a story he describes as "an epiphany." Sheckley is one of the few people I know to whom the phrase "no fixed address" actually applies. These days he's living in a motor home which he moves from place to place as the spirit takes him. He says it's an excellent arrangement for a writer. **MELISSA MIA HALL**, Fort Worth's answer to Shirley Jackson, had a memorably disturbing tale in our '81 Halloween issue. Her present offering, *In a Green Shade*, is that *rara avis*, a successful combination of the weird and the erotic. **JEFF HECHT** first appeared in TZ last December with the icy "On 202." Now he's back with another chiller, *Saratoga Winter*, designed to prepare you for the days ahead. Hecht's science articles are a mainstay of *Omn*, and he and *Omn*'s Dick Teresi have recently collaborated on *Laser: Supertool of the 1980s*. **GARY BRANDNER**'s previous TZ tale, "The Loaner," proved prophetic. Shortly after buying it last summer, I began receiving dozens of stories on the same theme: magic typewriters. (Of course, it's a perennial writer's fantasy; John Kendrick Bangs brought out a book called *The Enchanted Typewriter* back in 1899.) Brandner is the author of such popular horror novels as *Hellborn* and *The Howling*, which became the first, and best, of last

year's werewolf movies.

Welcome, for the first time, to **AVRAM DAVIDSON**, author of—among many wonderful books—*The Enquiries of Doctor Eszterhazy*, those magical tales set in the slightly cracked kingdom of Scythia-Pannonia-Transbalkania. Welcome, too, to **MICHAEL S. SMITH**, a technical writer and editor whose work has appeared in *Oui*, *New West*, and *The People's Almanac*. We're pleased to present his first published fiction. Another newcomer, **DALE HAMMELL**, has done a lot of good student writing and has published an award-winning amateur fiction magazine called *Copper Toadstool*, but *Summer of Monsters*, our cover story, represents his first sale to a national magazine. **RICHARD MATTURRO**, whose unusual view of *Star Trek* complements our Nicholas Meyer interview, is an Albany-based writer and English teacher.

Do you recognize the pleasantly smiling, moustached face of **AL SARRANTONIO**? You should, because that same smiling face appeared in last month's TZ, along with a little note about how funny, inventive, and prolific Al is; how he's written for *Amazing*, *Analog*, *Heavy Metal*, *Whispers*, *Shadows*, and *Ghosts*; how he's Doubleday's assistant sf editor; and how he's working on a horror novel called *The Worms*. Only trouble is, Al didn't have a story in last month's TZ. We'd moved it up a month, to the present issue. I *knew* we'd moved it. Yet for some dumb reason, when it came time to sit down and write last month's editor's page, I wrote about Al anyway, and didn't catch it in time. And neither did anyone else around here.

I think it's this sort of professionalism, month after month, that makes *Twilight Zone* the kind of magazine it is.

—TK

# Screen

by Ron Goulart



"... feeling stodgy and out of touch." Pamela Stephenson (in the hat and brassiere) and Monty Python's John Cleese (in the underpants and beard) are surprised by fellow Pythonsite Graham Chapman in a sketch from *The Secret Policeman's Other Ball*.

**The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** (Miramax)  
Directed by Julien Temple

**Hanky Panky** (Columbia)  
Directed by Sidney Poitier  
Screenplay by Henry Rosenbaum and David Taylor

**Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan** (Paramount)  
Directed by Nicholas Meyer  
Screenplay by Jack B. Sowards  
Story by Harve Bennett and Jack B. Sowards

**Blade Runner** (Ladd)  
Directed by Ridley Scott  
Screenplay by Hampton Fancher and David Peoples  
Based on a novel by Philip K. Dick

I believe it was Methuselah who said, as he was dying, "But I just got here." And that's about how I feel as I pack up to make way for the return of Gahan Wilson. I've enjoyed filling in, and if good old Gahan should break a leg, perish the thought, I stand ready to return.

Before we get to this month's batch of movies, a word of apology. I promised you an insightful review of the Conan movie this time, and there isn't any review of it at all, insightful or otherwise. The reason is simple: I didn't get around to seeing the damn thing. Assuming the Schwarzenegger epic was destined to be another *Star Wars* and would enjoy an endless run, I delayed attending. Before I fully

realized that it was a flop, *Conan the Barbarian* had vanished from every movie house within a hundred miles of me. To all Robert E. Howard fans, to all bulging muscle fans, I offer my regrets.

I hadn't anticipated that seeing a movie featuring part of the Monty Python gang would leave me feeling stodgy and out of touch. But that's exactly what **The Secret Policeman's Other Ball** did. This is a compilation sort of thing, made up of snippets from two concerts done in England a couple years back for Amnesty International. The short snippets featuring John Cleese, Michael Palin, and Terry Jones doing old warmed-over skits from their tv show are amusing, if overly familiar. The snippets with Cleese, Peter Cook, Eleanor Bron, etc. doing old skits from, I suspect, *Beyond the Fringe* are also good for a few chuckles. But the film also contains large chunks of music. And after only one or two of these overamplified bits I began to realize I had grown old and senile and unable to recognize the stars of contemporary music. I only knew when Eric Clapton was playing because a kindly voice-over told me. It wasn't, however, until I reached home and was briefed by my elder son that I knew I'd also seen Sting and Peter Dinklage. And even then he had to explain to me twice that Sting was a person and not a group.

Unless you are a fan of both the

Python crew and contemporary rock people, there are going to be lulls in this movie for you. Loud, ear-piercing lulls, in my case. I couldn't help feeling, too, that I was being cheated a bit—that Miramax Films had another hour or so of funny stuff from the concerts that they were holding back. But if there's a **Secret Policeman's Other Ball II**, I don't think I'll attend.

**Hanky Panky** is yet another movie that uses the basic plot from Hitchcock's version of *The Thirty-Nine Steps*. Innocent hero, suspected of murder, starts running and is helped by young girl who comes to believe in his innocence; everybody else is out to get him. Nothing wrong with the plot itself. Hitchcock used it several more times, Bob Hope had a go at it (in *My Favorite Blonde*), and it's served many other suspense films well over the years. That this tried and true plot doesn't work here at all is because a few mistakes have been made.

First, there is the casting. Wilder is simply not appealing as a hero in this sort of picture. *Hanky Panky* isn't meant to be a parody of a thriller, it's supposed to be a comedy thriller. Playing the fugitive in a jittery style that makes Don Knotts look like a pillar of calm, Wilder also gets increasingly petulant and childish as the film unfolds. It's been my experience with Wilder that I start off liking him in his pictures and end up worrying about whether he'll make

it to the final reel without suffering an apoplectic stroke. Gilda Radner isn't exactly right as the romantic interest either. I don't mean to imply that funny-looking, dopey girls aren't entitled to as much love and affection as pretty, bright ones. But I have to admit I enjoy watching Goldie Hawn in this sort of role much more. There's something sad in seeing Radner struggling valiantly to look attractive and chic. When she and Wilder finally declare their love for each other, you wonder why. Although Kathleen Quinlan is only on the screen for a few minutes, she makes a much better impression. She is knocked off so that Wilder can be framed for murder, and as the film grinds on the realization grows that they killed the wrong girl.

The other major mistakes have to do with writing and direction. The common assumption is that Hitchcock's stories never made much sense and that they moved so well and rapidly you didn't care. To some extent this is true. Many of his best films would have ended in about twenty minutes if the hero had simply said, "To hell with running, I'm going to call the police." But Hitchcock could arrange events to make it seem, while you



"When she and Wilder finally declare their love for each other, you wonder why." In a scene from *Hanky Panky*, Gilda Radner and Gene Wilder (in drag) try their best to appear innocent before the eyes of the law.

were watching the movie, that what his central characters did was both logical and inevitable. Poitier and his writers aren't able to get any suspension of disbelief at all. As you watch Wilder scream, stomp his foot, and quiver, you are visited with numerous thoughts that begin, "Why doesn't he just..." and "I don't see why..."

What a dull place the future is—at least in movies like *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. All the good people are in the service and dress like hotel doormen and movie usherettes; all the nasty folks dress like motorcycle hoods. There is almost no private life, no intimacy, no civilian world. Everything is slick and made of plastic and metal. There are blinking lights and video screens everywhere. Before the first reel of this latest Trekkie epic was over, I'd begun to feel I was marooned inside a vast and endless video-game arcade.

Never having fallen under the spell of *Star Trek* in any of its previous incarnations, I didn't get much fun out of attending this latest reunion and seeing how everybody's aged since the last go-round. I can see that if someone didn't make a *Trek* movie every couple of years, DeForest Kelley, Walter Koenig, and George Takei wouldn't be able to get any work at all. So as a humanitarian I can applaud this latest film. Being very much entertained by it is something else again.

Ricardo Montalban, by the way, gets our David Warner Award this month for his fruity performance as Khan. He, at least, seems to be enjoying himself.

I have mixed feelings about *Blade Runner*. Visually, physically, the movie is impressive and



"All the good people dress like hotel doormen..." On the bridge of the *Star Trek* *Enterprise*, Dr. McCoy (DeForest Kelley), Kirk's son David (Merritt Buttrick), his mother Dr. Marcus (Bibi Besch), the Vulcan officer Saavik (Kirstie Alley), and Admiral Kirk (William Shatner) ponder a few Big Questions.

unsettling. Director Ridley Scott and his production designer, Lawrence G. Paull, have concocted a future Los Angeles that is even gaudier, more cluttered, and more frantic than the L.A. of our own era. This particular future setting comes close to matching the violent, disjointed future that Phil Dick envisioned in many of his novels. Around the edges things are right, and for a while you start to speculate that somebody's finally been able to translate an individual sf writer's vision to the screen. If only the story, fashioned by Scott and a team of scriptwriters from Dick's *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, came anywhere near matching the decor. It doesn't, though, and what's going on in the foreground is only a hyped-up version of an old private eye movie.

Harrison Ford, looking suitably world-weary and battered, is the tough cop. Instead of hunting for the Maltese Falcon or the Mirabilis Diamonds through endless miles of neon sleaziness, he's looking for a bunch of replicants. That's what androids are called in *Blade Runner*, and these have escaped servitude off-planet and are hiding out in L.A. A bloody time is had by all—particularly since these andies are apparently made not of nuts and bolts and silicone but of synthetic flesh and blood. When the grim-faced Ford blasts one, blood and guts spew forth. This probably won't faze Clint Eastwood fans, but to those of us nurtured on Bogart and Alan Ladd, Sr., films, it's disconcerting to see our detective hero shooting what appears to be a young woman in the back.

Ford, in his tough cop voice-over comments, does mention that he's made a bit uneasy by blasting replicants. When he falls in love with a lady android, however, little is made of the fact—in terms, that is, of what he is feeling. Just how would you react to going to bed with a synthetic woman? Since the highly appealing Sean Young isn't a gadget, Ford's romance isn't as unusual as, say, being caught in bed with your refrigerator or a rented rug-shampooer. But if there's no real difference between us real people and these production line folks, then what's the movie about? Anti-pseudopeoplism? Beyond a few

token lines about the shortness of life and the meaning of it all, no one in the movie seems to be concerned with what ought to be one of the central issues.

Despite several reservations, I think I enjoyed the movie. Sean Young, as mentioned earlier, is

appealing. Several of the character people are very good, especially Joe Turkel as the wealthy android-maker and William Sanderson as an eccentric technician who builds robot toys as a hobby. And Rutger Hauer is just the right blend of rotten and soulful as the head replicant. **B**



"These andies are made of synthetic flesh and blood." Harrison Ford and Sean Young (above) make an appealing mixed couple in *Blade Runner*, while Daryl Hannah and Rutger Hauer (below) play a couple of homicidal androids.



# Books

## by Thomas M. Disch

**The Fate of the Earth** by Jonathan Schell (Kropf, \$11.95) was published as a book in April, but the fuss about it had begun even earlier when its three long chapters appeared serially in *The New Yorker*. Surely you know by now that this is a book you are *supposed* to read. Senators have said so; clergymen have said so; even Walter Cronkite has said so. For what it's worth I'll say so too, unequivocally: you should read this book.

You may think you already know all you care to know about the threat of nuclear holocaust, which is Schell's single, relentlessly developed theme, but the book's very success is one of the best reasons for reading it, despite such disinclination. For by virtue of all its publicity *The Fate of the Earth* can bid fair to become, in the phrase of one of its champions, a "new Bible of our time, the White Paper of our age" (Helen Caldicott, President, Physicians for Social Responsibility). The purpose of Bibles and White Papers is to establish a consensus or, at the very least, to serve as the basis for discussion, and there is a literally desperate need for discussion, and action, on this subject—not just by the experts and decision-makers whose expertise and decisions have created the present nuclear "balance of terror," but by anyone legally competent to enter a voting booth now or for the foreseeable future. In short, this can be a Bible for everyone who believes nuclear disarmament is a precondition for human survival.

This is not to say that reading the book will yield any of the usual pleasures of literature. Bibles and White Papers are usually heavy going, and this is no exception. Apart from one's self-protective instinct to look away from a subject so inherently distressing—the subject, namely, of the virtually certain potential of nuclear holocaust for human extinction—apart from one's natural desire *not* to know, Schell is determined to make his case so iron-clad that his text often

has the flavor of a legal brief or a math textbook, in which no loopholes are to be allowed and every step of the argument is previewed, then spelled out in detail, and finally recapitulated. For readers who approach the book, as I did, ready in advance to agree, this can get tiresome. But it is necessary. Because even if you agree, Schell's account of the *moral* magnitude of the present situation is going to be disturbing, and he has found a tone for "thinking about the unthinkable" that moderates between the possible extremes of hysterical outrage and horror-induced anesthesia. Consider the following summary statement of Schell's and ask yourself if you could bear to hear any judgment so dismaying in its implications rendered in a "hotter" rhetorical style:

... We endeavor to hold life sacred, but in accepting our roles as the victims and the perpetrators of nuclear mass slaughter we convey the steady message—and it is engraved more and more deeply on our souls as the years roll by—that life not only is not sacred but it is worthless, that, somehow, according to a "strategic" logic that we cannot understand, it has been judged acceptable for everybody to be killed.

Other reviewers have declared that the book's third chapter, which presents the case for world government as the only feasible solution to the nuclear dilemma, is less persuasive than the earlier chapters, which set forth the dimensions of the nuclear peril and meditate on its momentous uniqueness. In the sense that it seems *possible* to argue with the author in this chapter, these critics are right. Few global legislators have ever achieved unanimous agreement, and I find myself becoming skeptical at times, as when Schell simplifies the issue of world peace with the following parenthetical proviso: "By 'war' I here mean only international war, not revolutionary war, which I shall not discuss." I'm sure Napoleon and

the Ayatollah would limit their discussion of the issue similarly. But the inadequacy of the "solution" Schell offers only adds to one's sense of urgency of the problem by underlining its complexity.

At the same time that I was reading, slowly reading, *The Fate of the Earth*, I came across a remark that John Fowles had made in a BBC interview (on "Kaleidoscope," last December), which illustrates my sense of the relevance of Schell's subject to this review column, where our concerns are usually less grave. Fowles said: "I should think Apocalypse, you know, Annihilation, World Destruction, is much closer to us now in practical reality than ever before. In a way that makes me feel that it's no longer a subject for fiction, and I don't think I would now want to write a fiction about the destruction of the world, when it seems to me to have become only too probable. The only thing one could write, I think, is more the political essay, or, if you like, the sermon, trying to persuade people of the dangers. [Precisely the strategy that *The Fate of the Earth* adopts.] And I very much doubt if that could be done in fiction."

Implausible as this sounds, I can't help but think that much of the imaginative groundwork for Schell's book, in terms of the widespread acceptance of its thesis, was done by writers of such apocalyptic fictions as *On the Beach*, *Fail-Safe*, and *A Canticle for Leibowitz*. As Schell points out, all we will ever "know" about nuclear holocaust must be hypothetical (i.e. fictional, the work of the imagination), since if the event should come to pass, our only knowledge of it, in most cases, will be the details of our own individual annihilations. This is not to say that any and all fictive accounts of nuclear catastrophe are to be applauded for their service as alarm bells. The pornography of violence is seldom more pornographic than in those works of fiction in which nuclear holocaust is used as a background for a boy's adventure story, or, worse, as a



pretext for fantasies of jingoistic, revanchist slaughter. Two egregious examples of the latter category were recently unearthed by Gregory Sandow in a *Village Voice* article concerning sf scenarios for nuclear war; these were Philip Wylie's *Tomorrow!* and *Triumph*. Among other choice horrors Wylie imagines a man, rendered footless by the blast, hobbling about on his shinbones. But this plucky, nimble victim is revenged by a retaliatory strike against Russia that levels the Urals—just by way of a happy ending.

It makes you think that Fowles may be right.

Then again, it makes you think that maybe the exponential growth of *grand guignol* during the last two decades may have been one way in which the collective unconscious has adapted to life on the brink of the unthinkable. Schell writes:

... The Hiroshima people's experience ... is of much more than historical interest. It is a picture of what our whole world is always poised to become—a backdrop of scarcely imaginable horror lying just behind the surface of our normal life, and capable of breaking through into that normal life at any second.

Could there be a better précis, in its way, of Romero's *Night of the Living Dead* or of this summer's vision of another mass evacuation of the cemeteries, *Poltergeist*? Formerly, horror stories were scaled to the nuclear family—but now, with the nuclear bomb hanging over all our heads, horror has become universal, immense, as large as history. Consider the increasing scale of the evil in *The Omen* movies from I to III. Ponder the significance of Matheson's twice-filmed *I Am Legend* of 1954, wherein one man survives in a world of vampires. Consider simply as images the concluding five minutes of *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, that nostalgic tribute to history's lost innocence. How pervasive the central anxiety of our age has become, how omnipresent its imagery of devastating radiance and disintegrating flesh.

A good therapy, but unfortunately it doesn't help me segue gracefully from a theme of sanctioned seriousness to the small potatoes of reviewing three new horror novels,

since none of the novels will bear me out. So here, sans theory, is a simple scorecard.

**Old Fears** by John Wooley and Ron Wolfe (Watts, \$13.95) is, I'm sad to say, a horror novel of almost unrelieved dullness, and there can be no fault more unforgivable in a horror novel. The reason it saddens me to have to give readers a fair warning is because this is a first novel by two writers who keep signaling throughout the book how much it means to them to wear the badge of Writer:

"... I wanted to be a writer. Got into business instead. I went into the service for four years, got out, traveled around a little. The usual."

"What are you doing now?"  
"I'm in Kansas City with an ad agency. Writing copy. Nothing very exciting." Mick was beginning to edge off, to feel dull and heavy again. Below him, the dark pit of sleep yawned open, its dark fluid shimmering all around him.

Mick is not the only one about whom that dark fluid shimmers. This is a horror novel so bad it doesn't have a blurb from Stephen King; a novel whose faults are writ so large that it could be used by apprentice writers as a model of what *not* to do. *Don't* let the hero spend 100 pages trying to wake up from anesthetics, as in the passage quoted above. *Don't* have characters who stand around talking about nothing except how they either don't know or can't imagine what's happening to them, when most of the time nothing's happening. *Don't* think because you're writing a fantasy that Anything Can Happen just because it strikes you as gothically picturesque. For instance, without some pretty fancy explaining, I refuse to believe that a giant "heebe-jeebie" can be materialized out of a mine shaft by a communal consensus of childhood fears, or that said "heebe-jeebie" can in turn materialize, variously, giant spiders in culverts, bogymen in kitchens, and other whatsits elsewhere. And *don't* offer a final showdown in which the hero simply says *Boo!* back to the Creature from the Id and that's that. An ending that is that bad a cheat is grounds for going back to the bookstore and demanding a refund.

**Control** by William Goldman (Delacorte, \$15.95) is a Jekyll and Hyde of a novel. When it is good, it's sensationally good, and when it's bad it's horrid, and its goodness and horridness are inseparable, each a function of the other. Furthermore, it's not possible for a reviewer to offer meaningful praise or blame without demolishing Goldman's carefully contrived legerdemain (the novel's Jekyllish aspect). Evan Hunter did do such a demolition in his review in the *Sunday New York Times* (all the while protesting he would not), thereby spoiling the magic trick for any reader with enough savvy to follow footprints through fresh snow. I say no more, except that in balance I thought the magic show worth the price one has to pay in *National Enquirer*-style credulity (the Hydish aspect).

It's not as though the book doesn't offer many ancillary pleasures that can be praised without spoiling Goldman's game. There is a great ogress lout of a villain, as lovably hateful as one of Sendak's *Wild Things*. There are the two nicest cops in all Manhattan, and when the martial artist of that pair takes on the Wild Thing in hand-to-throat combat, I (who usually have no patience with martial arts in prose form) was on the edge of my seat. There is one long paragraph about First Sex that burns with a hard, gemlike flame, and a blind fortune teller with an attack-trained German shepherd who are both straight from the lurid pages of Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris*. That book is one of the great "sensation novels," the genre that offered the public of the 1830s and '40s new heights of melodrama at a time when the gothic novel was played out. Nobody but scholars talks about the sensation novel, but it's a category in which *Control* might be placed more appropriately than in any of the current commercial genres, for it's not really a horror novel, it doesn't play by the ground rules of science fiction, and it's too fanciful to be called a thriller or a suspense novel. Whatever pigeonhole you want to put it in, however, *Control* is an escapist's delight, a perfect way to get a deep, deep tan.

The *Selkie* by Charles Sheffield and David Bischoff (Macmillan, \$14.95) lacks the razzmatazz of *Control*'s two big snow-stopping moments, but in the balance this is probably the most satisfying novel of the three. It attempts to do for selkies—shape-shifting wereseals native to Scottish folklore—what *Stoker's Dracula* or *Endore's The Werewolf of Paris* did for those creatures of legend—that is, to create The Definitive Account. The problem with selkies is that while they are weird, in the sense of being strange or uncanny, they don't inspire that instant tingle of the spine that an out-and-out fanged predator can produce. It's hard to regard seals, with their "spindrift gaze towards Paradise," as the enemy. Even in folk tales, selkies are predatory only in their sexual allure, a metaphor for the love-'em-and-leave-'em lifestyles of sailors and other types disposed to procreate via adultery.

Sheffield and Bischoff cope with

this problem with great skill, adapting selkie lore to the traditional requirements of the gothic romance formula: a bride, doubtful of her husband's love, is brought to live in an old house on the edge of a cliff. There she falls under the spell of a young man of a charm that is somehow sinister. He even has his way with her, and then . . . The ritual is observed with no punctilio omitted, and readers who enjoy the solemn reenactment of such tribal rites will savor every chapter. It's faster-paced than the Latin Mass, and more serious than *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*. Its seriousness is, indeed, its prime virtue; seriousness not in the sense that dull novels will cloak their dullness in the pinstripe suit of claiming to be part of Serious Literature, but in the honorable sense that the authors always undertake to deal with each character and scene as though they were writing about real human beings with real problems to which

realistic solutions must be found. This degree of "seriousness" might not seem much to ask of novels that mean to inspire such large-scale emotions as fear, dread, and horror, but few "horror novels" can actually deliver the goods. Either writers lack the skill, the patience, and the capacity to distinguish between wood and flesh in the construction of characters (like Messrs. Wolfe and Woolley) or they too visibly wink at their audience, signaling their lack of faith in the silliness they've concocted. Humor and horror are not incompatible; sometimes they're even kissing cousins. But the classic horror novels tend to steer clear of any humor but the most incidental (such as the Porter in *Macbeth*). If *The Selkie* finally falls short of achieving classic status, it's probably less the fault of the authors than of the selkies, whose only real fault seems to be an excess of philoprogenitive feeling. Even so, it's a decidedly good read—but more for winter evenings by the fire than for taking to the beach. **17**

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# Spoken Word Records

by Ronald Smith

Oblivious to the people around her, a girl strolls down the sidewalk, a tape recorder strapped to her waist and earphones on her head. She has exchanged this city landscape for the desert world of Frank Herbert's *Dune*. The author himself is reading his book to her on cassette.

In school, a young boy sits quietly and listens. A murder is about to be committed! The killer speaks with a chilling calmness and a perverse air of satisfaction. Even though it is only a record, the boy will long remember sitting at the edge of his seat and imagining the *thump, thump, thump* of "The Tell-Tale Heart."

"There's a Utah forest ranger who's bought every LP we've got in the sci-fi and horror field," says Daryl O'Rourke of Spoken Arts Records. "He likes to spend late nights up in his tower alone, scaring himself to death."

Albums and tapes like these are the perfect solution to that perennial child's plaint, "Tell me a story." They're an insightful new approach to fiction, enabling one to hear an author read his own work or to hear it brought to life by the voices of professional actors. They can also be painlessly educational. "Originally most of our buyers were schools," says Leon Golovner of CMS Records; he notes that the most popular items were poetry, Shakespeare, and short stories. But recently the market has widened. Says Claire Curtin of Caedmon Records: "A few years ago, we saw a change coming. The general public began buying them, especially cassettes. People don't want to waste a second. They listen to stories on their car stereos and carry them around on portable tape recorders. Of course, they also have albums to relax with at home." Narratives of horror, science fiction, and fantasy are top sellers, from familiar campfire bogeys like "The Monkey's Paw" to the challenging works of Arthur C. Clarke and Robert A. Heinlein.

Edgar Allan Poe, one of the first authors of fantasy to be taken seriously in literary circles, was also the first immortalized on records. In fact, both Spoken Arts and Caedmon



Illustration by Carol Sun

began their Poe series decades ago. Spoken Arts has eight Poe albums, including the intimate, soft-spoken readings by actor Hurd Hatfield of *The Masque of the Red Death* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* on disc 992. Company president Arthur Luce Klein has added *The Murders in the Rue Morgue* (1127), *The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar* (1129), *The Black Cat* (1130), and *The Purloined Letter* (1131). Actor Paul Hecht reads *A Descent into the Maelstrom* (1135), and Alexander Scourby *The Pit and the Pendulum* (830). Scourby and Klein take one side each for *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Cask of Amontillado* (978).

Caedmon began its own Poe collection with Basil Rathbone's historic and histrionic LPs. His readings—*The Black Cat* and *The Masque of the Red Death* on album TC 1028, *The Cask of Amontillado/The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar*, and *The Pit and the Pendulum* on TC 1115, and *The Tell-Tale Heart* and *The Fall of the House of Usher* on TC 1195—are delightfully hammy, and also quite bone-chilling. They have the passion and excess that Poe himself might have given them. Vincent Price has recorded Caedmon's three most recent Poe albums, offering sensitive, rather restrained versions of *The Gold Bug* (TC 1449), *The Imp of the Perverse*, *Morella*, and *Berenice* (TC 1450), and *Ligeia* (TC 1483).

Undaunted by this Poe-pourri, CMS has released ten Poe albums, most performed by New York stage

actor Martin Donegan, an inspired choice who *acts* the role of narrator, his voice resonating with uneasy tension. He is the very soul of the perverse, alcoholic wretch who recounts *The Black Cat* (album 555). Like Rathbone, Donegan has his quirks. He does *The Tell-Tale Heart* (630) in an Irish accent, and such is his pronunciation in *The Masque of the Red Death* (on the same album) that Prince Prospero illuminates a room not with a "trazier" but with a "brassiere of fire." His renditions of *The Oblong Box* (567) and *William Wilson* (663), however, are among the best of the series.

CMS reports that their top sellers are Poe, two short story collections by Ambrose Bierce (513 and 529), read by Ugo Toppo, and W. W. Jacobs's *The Monkey's Paw* (624), given a spirited reading by actor George Rose.

Purists may quibble with the Spoken Arts collection of horror: *The Monkey's Paw* (1090), *The Time Machine* (1096), *Dracula* (1087), *Frankenstein* (1088), and *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1089). Unlike CMS and Caedmon, the productions use four actors per LP, adapting the stories with music and sound effects to resemble old-time radio broadcasts.

Over at Caedmon, James Mason alone reads condensations of *Frankenstein* (TC 1541) and *The Time Machine* (TC 1678); Christopher Plummer reads excerpts from T. H. White's *The Book of Merlyn* (TC 1582 and TC 1630); Vincent Price reads stories from John Collier's

**Fancies and Goodnights** (TC 1652) and Lord Dunsany's **The Book of Wonder** (TC 1695); Anthony Quayle solos with **Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde** (TC 1283); and David McCallum and Carole Shelley read from the journals of **Dracula** (TC 1468).

McCallum has also recorded three stories by H. P. Lovecraft, a writer who poses unusual problems to narrators. How does one read "The Outsider" when its protagonist writes that he has never heard the sound of his own voice? "The Dunwich Horror" makes reference to the peculiar voices of the wizard Whateley and his inhuman grandson, but how should they sound? McCallum's interpretations fall somewhat short, distracting from the tale. Still, the Lovecraft records offer mounting tension, a special tension found only in this medium: unlike a book, which you can read faster or even skip through, an LP forces you to stick to the chosen pace of the narrator. The McCallum albums are each an hour long: **The Dunwich Horror** (TC 1467), **The Haunter of the Dark** (TC 1617), and **The Rats in the Walls** (TC 1317).

Caedmon reports that aside from author appeal, actors have a following of their own; while Lovecraft has been "rediscovered" by the general public, some of the records are obviously being bought by fans of McCallum. "Our best sellers," says Claire Curtin, "are any albums narrated by William Shatner and Leonard Nimoy." The *Star Trek* duo has placed Caedmon in record shops that don't usually stock narration albums, and Shatner's star appeal has helped promote the works of Henry Kuttner (**Mimsy Were the Borogroves**, TC 1509) and Isaac Asimov (**Foundation**, TC 1508).

Four distinguished British actors—Ian Richardson, Claire Bloom, Anthony Quayle, and Michael York—also lend their talents to the works of C. S. Lewis, reading abridged versions of his classic children's work, "The Chronicles of Narnia." All seven books in the series are included, from **The Lion, the Witch, and the Wardrobe** (TC 1587), read by Richardson, to **The Last Battle** (TC 1674), read by York; and the first

four volumes are also available in one package in a special C. S. Lewis Soundbook. Parents are encouraged to read aloud to their children, and no doubt they should; but no parent could possibly capture the wonder and terror of these stories as effectively as these four.

"I was not enthusiastic about having these stories recorded," Robert A. Heinlein said of **The Green Hills of Earth and Gentlemen, Be Seated**, "until I was told that Mr. Leonard Nimoy had agreed to read them. An artist of his quality? I jumped at the chance." Still stoical, but with slightly more emotion than Mr. Spock, Nimoy lends his baritone not only to Heinlein (TC 1526) but to works by Ray Bradbury—**There Will Come Soft Rains** and **Usher II** (TC 1466), **The Illustrated Man** (TC 1479)—as well as H. G. Wells's **The War of the Worlds** (TC 1520).

Heinlein's remark about Nimoy reading his stories raises a question: who gives the best and most authoritative reading, actor or author? With so many of sf's creators still alive and kicking, Caedmon usually tries to use the authors themselves. This makes for some rather historic recordings.

Until recently, only "literary" authors were on record: Isaac Bashevis Singer, Erskine Caldwell, and Arthur Miller on Spoken Arts, John P. Marquand, Howard Fast, and Bernard Malamud on CMS. Fantasy writers such as Robert Bloch recorded for obscure labels, if at all. Today, however, more and more genre writers are getting behind the microphones, and most enjoy the experience. Now a real recording star, Frank Herbert looked jolly indeed autographing records as well as books at a store promotion.

For its top-selling authors, Caedmon has put out boxed editions of their albums, with four-record "soundbooks" for Herbert (116), Kurt Vonnegut (120), and Arthur C. Clarke (121). In the case of the latter two, it's interesting to discover that writers sometimes do strange things to their works. Clarke's enunciations are dry; his slight trace of English accent becomes hypnotic, almost lulling. It takes a good attention span and

the right mood to listen. By contrast, Vonnegut provides loose, almost folksy narrations. On **Cat's Cradle** (TC 1346), he even sings. And what Vonnegut fan wouldn't want to hear him vocalize (with guitar) the calypso verses of Bokonon? Condensed for LP presentation, the book's ending is altered rather interestingly. Here, Vonnegut chooses to close with a quote from Bokonon, asking "What can a thoughtful man hope for mankind on Earth?" and answering, "Nothing." (The book itself ends several pages later with an even more cynical view, that of a man committing suicide, lying on his back and thumbing his nose toward the heavens.) The unabridged Vonnegut can be had on **Welcome to the Monkey House** (TC 1405), which includes two other short works, "Harrison Bergeron" and "New Dictionary."

Some authors need a bit of coercion before performing. Clarke, who has just completed an LP of his forthcoming *2010*, prefers to tape his albums at his home in Sri Lanka, and Ray Bradbury, after years of persuasion, finally yielded and recorded one story, **The Small Assassin** (TC 1677). While he may still blanch if an interviewer waves a microphone at him (he hates tape-recorded conversations), he turns out to be a spirited narrator with an amateur's delight in breathing passion into almost every line. His reading, in the style of old radio show narration, is more lively than those of other, more polished performers.

Isaac Asimov, taking over narrational chores from William Shatner, has recently released **Foundation: Mule** (TC 1661) for Caedmon. His first recording, **The Mayors**, is now a collector's item, available only as a "Spoken Word Classic" cassette (SWC 1527) for \$12.95. Yet even with that high price tag, he has a down-to-earth attitude about his recordings. I asked him what he liked most about narrating his own work. "Nothing at all," he answered. "I don't consider myself a good actor, don't think I have an attractive voice, and don't feel I add anything to the story. Caedmon insists. I can't even



say I do it for the money, for Caedmon does not pay enormous sums. And to be absolutely fair, I'm not worth enormous sums as a reader.

"Personally," he adds, "I'd rather have someone read my book than listen to it. I can read for hours and hours on end, and so can you. But how long a speech can you listen to without wishing the speaker were dead?"

The oddest reaction to recording an album comes from Ursula K. LeGuin. Her LP, *Intracom* (TC 1556), is an instantly accessible feminist *Star Trek* satire. She uses five voices to narrate her story of an alien's appearance on the space ship (likened to a child in the womb), yet for all her seeming enthusiasm she describes her performance as an sf-movie trauma:

"They take you in [to the studio] and then they go away and shut the door, a big heavy door, behind which they shut a second door. You are alone. You look nervously about you and realize that the walls of the room are padded. This is not reassuring. Nor is the absolute silence which surrounds you."

"About the time your paranoia has become incurable, a voice speaks to you . . . a Voice, disembodied, all-pervading. 'Would you say something into the mike?' I don't know what I said but I know what I wanted to say: Help! Let me out!" LeGuin decided that when she got a copy of the finished LP, she'd "do with it what Nanook did with the first record he heard. He listened to it with great delight, and then he ate it."

Other tasty items in the Caedmon collection of author readings include albums by J. R. R. Tolkien (excerpts from *The Hobbit* and *The Fellowship of the Ring*, TC 1477, and from *The Two Towers* and *The Return of the King*, TC 1478), Theodore Sturgeon (*More Than Human*, TC 1634), Anne McCaffrey (*The Dragon Riders of Pern*, TC 1596), Robert Silverberg (*Dying Inside*, TC 1612), and C. L. Moore (*Shambleau*, TC 1667), plus children's works from Joan Aiken (*The Wolves of Willoughby Chase*, TC 1540), and Roald Dahl (*The Enormous Crocodile* and *The Magic Finger*, TC 1633), as well

as excerpts from *A Clockwork Orange* (TC 1417) by Anthony Burgess. Burgess also reads selections from the book for Spoken Arts (album 1120).

The major record companies are also beginning to produce spoken word albums, but at the moment only two are worth mentioning. Vanguard has an exciting double set narrated by Nelson Olmstead called *Tales of Terror* (VSD 31/32). Each album contains six abridged eight-minute tales with sound effects. They maintain literary integrity while vividly presenting the stories in a manner comprehensible to all ages. One record is all Poe, the other includes Bierce, Stevenson, Dickens, and Gautier.

Capitol's *Drop Dead* (1763) offers studio versions of Arch Oboler stories, some famous from his *Lights Out* radio show, others new and experimental. Some are done in monologue form, such as the Psycho-like tale in which a man surprises his dinner guest by sawing apart a woman's severed head. Others require several players, and these include *The Dark* and the famous *Chicken Heart*, a pulsating, ever-enlarging organ that threatens to take over the world. Each segment—sick horror, comic horror, suspense horror, etc.—is introduced by Oboler himself.

For collectors, a few out-of-print or obscure albums are worth tracking down. *Tales of the Frightened* (Mercury MG 20815/6) contains startling sound effects and the echo-chambered,

Grand Guignol readings of Michael Avallone stories by Boris Karloff. Their rather simple plots might have been written by O. Henry with an axe in his brain; their twist endings are disappointing, but the tales themselves are pleasantly gruesome.

*Soft Rains* and *Marionettes Inc.* (Lively Arts LA 30004) are two stories by Ray Bradbury read by his "personal choice" of actors, Burgess Meredith. These are excellent readings, intimate and filled with tension. Lovecraft's *The Hound* and *The Outsider* (Lively Arts 3000003) are given a superb reading by Roddy McDowell, whose high-pitched voice manages to sound both innocent and faintly unwholesome, thanks to the good use of an echo chamber and McDowell's phrasing of the lines. As the "neurotic virtuoso" grave robber in "The Hound," he carefully treads the line between logic and mania, while his mannered accent and mournful descriptions in "The Outsider" conjure up a picture of a lonely creature (not unlike the author) hoping to face the world but wondering if he really fits into the normal everyday scene.

*Poe with Pipes* (Electric Lemon P1918) offers sepulchral poetry read by John Carradine with an accompaniment supplied by *Phantom of the Opera*-style organ theatrics. Fans of Lon Chaney, Jr., might wish to hunt up his albums for Garrison Records—*The Wolfman Speaks/Ticklish Tales of Terror* (AW 140005/6), although the stories, written by "Monster Mash" star Bobby Pickett and ex-Association band member Russ Giguere, are third-rate and horror-comic obvious. Chaney's voice was raspy, and he evidently died before the final recording was completed, since a few of the stories are read by Pickett to help fill up the time.

The albums by Meredith, McDowell, and Karloff are long out of print, but the ones by Carradine and Chaney are still in some well-stocked record shops. Collector-oriented stores have them at prices from ten to twenty-five dollars.

At any price, the great horror tales live on, to be savored over and over on record or tape. Put one on, sit back, and discover the magic for yourself. ☐

# The 'So Saying, He Vanished' Quiz

by Chet Williamson

Here's a collection of final lines from some classic, some familiar, and some not-so-familiar short works of fantasy, horror, and terror. See if you can identify both title and author of the work quoted. If you guess eight or more correctly, you deserve a pat on the back; if you guess half of them right, you deserve a laurel wreath. And if you get twenty or more right, you should be making up quizzes of your own. (Answers on page 73.)

## Unpleasant Surprises

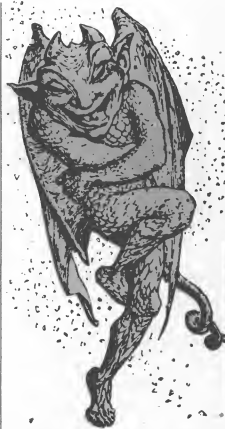
1. For the president of Haiti had been strangled to death by his mother's corpse-fat candle—a *corpse-fat candle that was wound around his neck like a giant snake.*
2. Between the teeth was a fragment of the animal's ear.
3. There at the end of the rope of the great alarm bell hung the body of the student, and on the face of the Judge in the picture was a malignant smile.
4. Some dental work positively identified the skull as Asenath's.
5. It was on the second-floor landing that they found the shoe, with the man's foot still in it, like that morsel of a mouse which sometimes falls unnoticed from the side of the jaws of the cat.
6. Upon the bed, before that whole company, there lay a nearly liquid mass of loathsome—of detestable putridity.
7. But on his skin were signs of the snow vampire—the delicate small prints of a young girl's hands.
8. One of us lifted something from it, and leaning forward, that faint and invisible dust dry and acrid in the nostrils, we saw a long strand of iron-gray hair.
9. It still held its Dr. Harper mask in one rotted, spade-claw hand.
10. For the snake-like thing that had reached for me, that thing

as wide as a human body and impossibly long, had been merely the face-tentacle of the abomination Byatis.

11. I lit the lamp which he had fumbled with, and there on the floor he lay, no more than a rind of skin in loose folds over projecting bones.
12. But gazing more closely, I saw that the trembling was merely the movement of worms as they twisted up and down and to and fro and sought to crowd each other from Tomeron's tongue.
13. All I certainly know is that, in the very moment, in the very instant, of concluding those passes, he changed, and staggered, and fell down before us—dead!
14. For like his accursed picture a year before, Joseph Curwen now lay scattered on the floor as a thin coating of fine bluish-grey dust.
15. Surprising, really, how much beetle had stuck to the hard black shoe, and, when it was time, turned into what they found under their daughter's bed.

## Quotables

16. "If he had just moved down in bed eight inches he could have bled on the linoleum, instead of on the lovely ingrain carpet."
17. "Sardathrion, Sardathrion, the gods weep for thee."
18. "John, take Evadäre's right



hand in your right hand. Say these words after me when I tell you."

19. "Sa that is a' I hev to say consarnin' ald Dame Crowl, o' Applewale House."
20. "There lies the creature that was once Celia Blassenville."

## Lightning Flashes

21. Then . . . some idiot turned on the lights.
22. To-morrow I shall be fetterless!—but where?
23. Then he turned and headed straight for home, but he took the long way, around the world.
24. It is enough to send a man mad.
25. Someday I shall travel in time and meet it face to face.
26. We were alone with the quiet day, and his little heart, dispossessed, had stopped.
27. Romance at short notice was her specialty.
28. It was a gray marble finger.
29. And then he went into his office, going mrmee, mrmee, mrmee, mrmee.
30. Scrupulously, happily crooning at his work, he was plucking out the gray hairs one by one. **17**

Etc.

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ZONESTATE OF  
CONFUSION

As is well known, California borders on Arizona, Nevada, Oregon ... and the Twilight Zone. In fact, TZ has even made the state ballot—according to this June 8 editorial cartoon from the Santa Ana Register, submitted by James C. Vibber of Tustin, CA.

## QUOTE

"... I might not have the chance I missed in life Through some delay, and call you to your face First soldier, and then poet, and then both, Who died a soldier-poet of your race."

—Robert Frost, "To E.T."  
from *The Poetry of Robert Frost*,  
(Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1979).

## TZ CITED IN MUGGING

"I noticed someone walking behind us, but it was a Friday night and there were plenty of people walking to their cars. I was alarmed, but I blamed my paranoia. A guy caught up, turned to us and told us to 'drop the purses and wallets.' Under a green polo shirt was something he wanted us to believe was a gun. ... I don't know if it

was the strawberry daiquiri or a 'Twilight Zone' sense of disbelief, but I wasn't frightened. I did drop my purse, though."

—from an article called "Student Mugged Despite Caution" by Carrie Bos, *Summer Sundial*, California State University, Northridge; submitted by Susan Elias, Woodland Hills, CA.

## SHORT-SHORT

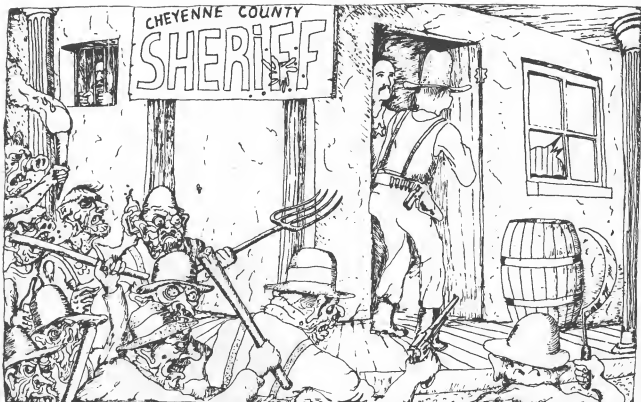
From *The Black Book* of Clark Ashton Smith (Arkham House, Sauk City, WI 52583) comes this provocative plot outline, entitled "The Wink and the Chuckle":

A famous humorist dies, after expressing to friends his life-long suspicion that the whole cosmos is a jest, whether broad and Rabelaisian, or perhaps dry and subtle as a shaggy dog joke. There must, he insists, be a point, even though he has never quite been able to see it. Some minutes after he has been pronounced dead, the man who remains beside him hears a distinct chuckle, and sees that the lips of the corpse are drawn into a smile, and one eyelid is drooped in an obvious wink.

OUR FAN IN THE  
WHITE HOUSE

No. of course it isn't her. It's model Jo Ann Johnson, photographed by Roger Rosenmeyer.





Curt Ferguson

Sherriff, there's a mob outside and they're getting pretty ugly. *By C. Ferguson '75*

## MORE ON E.T.

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The government has ordered federal prosecutors to file criminal proceedings against nearly 200 youths who failed to register for the military draft...

A check of the names turned up some errors, including two women, some *aliens* [TZ's emphasis], and several men who were beyond legal draft age.

—Santa Barbara News-Press  
submitted by Chris and  
Teresa McDonald, Santa  
Maria, CA



## NONSENSE! WE KNEW IT ALL THE TIME!

Q. How wide was the world at last count?

A. Most scientists, except those living somewhere in the Twilight Zone, believe the width of the earth remains stable at an equatorial diameter of 12,756.32 kilometers.

—Winnipeg Free Press,  
5/11/82, submitted by  
Phillip Paskewitz,  
Winnipeg, Canada.

Illustration by Carol Sun

Winthrop

LOOK WHAT I GOT  
IN THE MAIL  
TODAY... A PENNY  
POSTCARD.



A PENNY POSTCARD!  
WHERE'S IT FROM?



DICK CHALK

THE TWILIGHT ZONE.



4.12

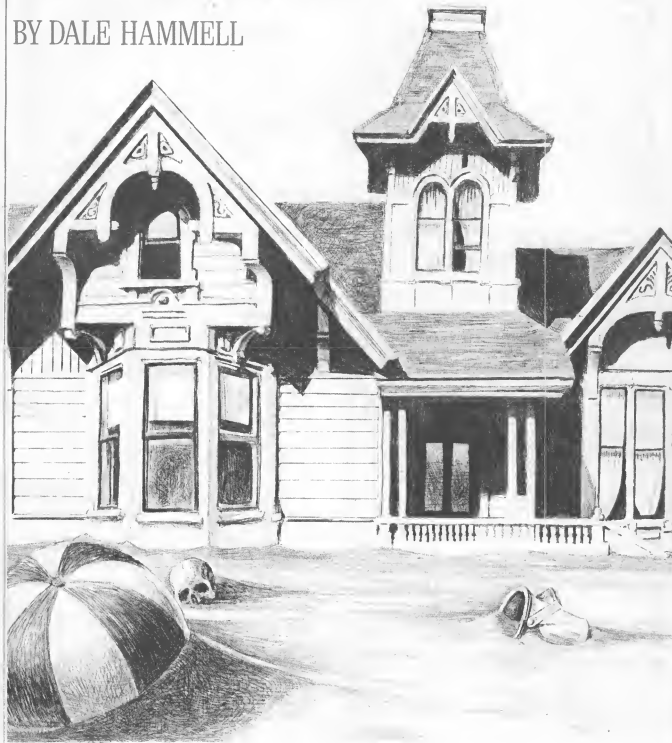
© 1980 by NEA, Inc., TM Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

... submitted by Michelle Cauchon, Deckerville, Michigan



# SUMMER OF MONSTERS

BY DALE HAMMELL



## THEY WERE YOUNG AND IN LOVE – THE LAST OF A DYING BREED.

A long time ago, when I was a small boy, we used to go to the coast for summer vacation. We went every year; it was tradition. Not anymore, but then ...

Then the summers were quiet and lazy, a slowing down of sound and movement nurtured by the bright sun. Mulberry Creek was the name of our summer place, a tiny township, quiescent and still beneath a faultless cerulean blue sky. That last summer, the summer of monsters, summer rolled in on ocean breezes, but the breezes died and the village smothered in the amber of a gorged sun. Fishing boats floundered in mud, tied to a sagging wharf barely able to support its own barnacle-encrusted weight. Paint peeled on cars. Skin peeled on people ... and I remember the terns and gulls standing motionless in the soup-warm water, crying for something lost. It was low tide. The sun was high.

The road into Mulberry from the Interstate was gravel, hot and dust-choked. The old houses and summer shacks were warped like pieces of bleached driftwood, colorless and hard to look at in the glare of noon. Old nets and aquamarine glass globes festooned rickety porch railings. Petrified starfish were nailed to weathered porch posts. There was a general store with a faded Coca-Cola sign and, in front, a pair of useless gasoline pumps, rusted and sun-bleached, and a population marker. I doubt that the population was a quarter of what the marker said, the last summer we came.

In one direction the road led out to the peninsula and the sand-blown cottages and dowager-houses that dotted it like strange mushrooms; in the other direction the road disappeared into the heat-scoured distance, finally connecting with the empty ribbons of asphalt that laced the state.

I remember arrival at Mulberry but, curiously, I can't remember our departure several days earlier. I couldn't then, either. It didn't matter. None of us cared over much for what lay behind us, because we knew we'd never go home again. Home ... to what? To madness? We didn't think about it much.

Arrival, then ...

The whole world was silent, it seemed.

Silent but for the hell-red Rambler we'd found in Portland, found and taken, leaving our van behind where it had stopped in its tracks with a burned-out motor. Silent but for the red ghost we roared along in, cutting corners dangerously, spraying gravel against abandoned cars and ancient signposts. Gravel clattered against the chassis and music blared from the glassless windows—glassless because, in

Portland, we'd passed a car that was going nowhere forever, and had seen inside the terrible things ... and Dad had said we'd never die *that* way, trapped like animals, and had spent hours breaking all our car's windows but the one in front and carefully picking out every last sliver so we wouldn't cut ourselves. Besides, it was so hot, by that time, that even the rush of warm air felt good.

Miles passed, miles of colorless gravel and dusty gorse and stiff, dead grass. Heat blasted up from the earth around us, distorting the air. The air was salty but moistureless; not like we remembered it.

Our red whirlwind closed in on the town, shot past the precariously leaning houses, sprayed gravel against the gas pumps, and flew out along the peninsula road. Filling the air with fine sand, we plunged and bounced over the sand drifts toward the three-story dowager-house which tottered on the edge of the sand flats a few miles away.

How often had we come so exuberantly? All the summers of my life. But no more. There were no more summers after that one.

Other summers, the highways had been choked with automobiles which glinted like scarabs in the sun. Some families, seeking cooler heights and the scent of pine needles, had been drawn to the mountains. Others, like us, had been drawn by the lure of salt spray, shells, and beach fires. But that was other summers.

This summer, long, long ago, we had traveled the highways alone.

We had endured the bone-scraping journey of pain and heat and thirst to fulfill an annual tradition, to spend the final months with Dad's old buddy and his family, which had always seemed an extension of our own. It was better, too, to be out of the city when the end came, when the people who'd remained would riot and turn into beasts. It would be terrible, Dad had said. So we'd left our home, and the Quillers had left theirs. But there was also another reason for the journey. I knew that Dad and Mr. Quiller meant to ease the end for us before things got too bad. In a way, they believed they were going to save us. I knew this because I'd inadvertently come across a letter Dad had tried to send to Mr. Quiller just before the U.S.P.S. quit working. He had written: "*I love them, too, Hank, and want them all to die peacefully...*"

I hadn't told anybody.

We roared past another abandoned car, a white convertible, empty and clean like a sea-scoured shell. Dana watched it recede into the distance. He licked his dry lips and ignored us, me and my

# SUMMER OF MONSTERS

younger sisters. I could see that he was anxious, nervous. He was hanging out the window behind Dad, the sun and the speed and the wind burning his freckled face, trying to discern the glint of ocean through the dunes and the heat-distorted haze. His T-shirt underarms were wet, and he squirmed, as we did, wanting to throw off our itchy clothes. Up front, Dad was laughing nervously and gunning the Rambler and smoking. Mom wore a timid smile, as if afraid to believe we'd make it, afraid Dad would plunge us into a sand drift, afraid the house and beach would be gone. She held onto her blue kerchief and hid behind dark glasses. She was half-listening to us and to an old Frank Sinatra record that *someone* out of Portland was playing on the radio. It was almost like it had always been, every other summer. Almost.

Lizzy and Sal and I were shrieking with every jounce of the car and goading the hot metal beast on as we tumbled about in a flotsam of toys and potato-chip bags. Dana smiled at us in spite of his irritation.

We wanted to get there, we all did.

I like to think that's why Dad was driving like a maniac: to get us there before the car gave out. Because if he didn't, it would be a long, too-long walk. We had to get there; there was no place else. I like to think Dad was driving so recklessly because he cared for us, and not because the sickness had got him.

Soon after the convertible was lost behind, Dana leaned forward and shouted, "Dad. Hey, Dad!"

"What, son?"

"We passed 'em," my brother shouted. "I'm sure it was their car, Dad."

"The Quillers'?"

"Yeah."

"Didn't they have a Jeep?" Mom asked, looking over her shoulder. I couldn't see her eyes; the glasses were very dark and shiny, like beetles' wings.

"Might have," Dad said, flicking his ash from the cigar. "Maybe they had to find another one, like we did. Guess we'll find out, huh?"

I could see in Dana's eyes that he was bothered by their uncertainty. He didn't say anything. And we were too young to remember things like what kind of car the Quillers had.

Suddenly the Rambler shrieked and lurched to a halt three hundred feet from the house where we had passed so many summers. It stood silent and tall after the car's engine had stopped, a vast, gabled, gingerbreaded lady, withdrawn and moody, with dark leaded windows at curious angles, surrounded by acres of sand and scrub grass and a dying ocean. The place seemed saddened. Where were the Quillers?

And then they emerged, all nine of them! There were smiles and happy tears, barefaced grins

and hearty handshakes all around. We'd made it! For the last time, we'd all made it.

And Dad said it was going to be the best summer we'd ever had. We believed him. I told no one of the letter, of his secret, and pretended not to notice the sometimes strange look that came into Mr. Quiller's eyes.

As it turned out, Dana had been right. The Quillers had had to walk from their car, and had only just finished carting their stuff to the house before we arrived.

We set to work immediately, ignoring the baleful sun which blistered in the sky above us. Shutters were unwired and opened; slipcovers were whisked off; brooms danced across floorboards and dustcloths fluttered like white bats. The older children marched from the Rambler and its overloaded utility trailer to the house and back again, as suitcases, totes, hampers, sleeping bags, canned groceries, beach toys, chairs, boxes, and all manner of hoarded things were unloaded. We could hardly believe the amount of stuff Dad had been able to pack into the trailer and on the car's roof rack, and that none of it had been lost during the wild flight down the gravel road. With the Quillers' stuff it was an impressive haul.

The smaller children—including me, though I was seven—were herded together and stripped and let loose onto the dunes with plastic buckets, shovels, toy cars, Day-Glo beachballs and dire warnings about not touching anything strange ringing in our ears.

Dad and Mr. Quiller leaned against the porch railings, talking quietly, rubbing self-consciously at their peeling noses, watching while the wives and older children swarmed around them. Mom brought out two beers, a real treasure according to Dad, and the two men held them in their hands for a long time, just watching each other. Finally they snapped off the tops and clinked the amber bottles together. I saw Dana looking at them over his shoulder before he entered the gray-lit kitchen with a last load. I was too young to care, but Dana was denied beer. Now he'd never have a chance. My brother was fifteen, and I knew he knew he was going to miss out on a lot of things that teenagers since the beginning of time hadn't missed out on. It was just that way. It couldn't be helped. And it did no good for him to curse the sun.

I'd followed him inside. I stood, naked and cool, in the shadows of the kitchen, watching but unwatched. The moms, emptying bags and boxes, cooler chests and cartons, were sharing a beer and two glasses. They ignored me, and dismissed Dana with barely a glance after he'd set down the last carton. They crammed cupboards full of good things which had been carefully saved over the past two years for just this summer. Sulkily Dana left. I amused myself awhile by dancing from black

**A scarecrow figure came skipping along the beach. He had no nose and he was screaming and scraping his arms and chest with handfuls of sand. He wouldn't stop screaming . . . Suddenly he attacked.**

diamond-shaped tile to white, but was finally shooed from the house and into the sun again. It was long past its zenith, but unweakened.

I remember snatches of conversation: "In October! Yes, really . . . at least ten years older than him." "Hey, you kids, stay away from that jetty!" "—play softball?" "Dana, you finished there?" "I love the color of your skirt, Angie." "Where's the sunscreen?"

And so it went. Our last summer by the shore. Unreal at first, like all holidays, it soon began to be real. Nobody talked about back home. Nobody mentioned the war. Nobody talked about the sun, though it grew week by week. I didn't know why, then, and I still don't. It just happened. We ignored our peeling skins; we swam and played. We had fun.

And all the time I remembered why Dad had brought us to the beach.

And I watched Dana . . . a lot.

Thanks to my size, I was overlooked by the adults when they wished to talk of something secretly. I was always just another of the littler children, seen but unseen, understanding things they thought I wouldn't, not understanding things I should have. I understood about my brother. He was nearly a man, according to what men were. He was taller than the rest of us, and there was hair around his penis, like Dad's. His voice was a little deeper that summer, too. But he was denied things that men were not usually denied. Simple things, like a beer, or the chance to drive a car. And he was alone with his torment: of all of us kids, there were only three boys—Dana, me, and one of the Quillers, a boy called David, who was four. The others were all young women. I think they were all widows; I sometimes heard, above the crackling of a bonfire or the tinkling of glasses, mention of a "Bert" or "Harry" or "Darroll" before the conversation would hush and then pick up. I didn't know what happened to these men. Nobody told me.

Dana and the others were denied other things, too. While we kids roamed naked like grubs through the summer, burning and peeling and finally tanning, the adults hid themselves behind t-shirts and shorts and trousers, as if it were wrong to be too comfort-

table, as if nudity were wrong. To me, body hair was just another thing, like freckles or blue eyes, but I guess to the grown-ups it didn't seem that way at all. Watching Dana, I began to understand the significance of hair and changing voices.

Angie struggled out of the water and plodded up the sand, water gleaming on her lean body. I sat watching, playing idly with a toy car in the sand, redriving the course Dad had taken from our home. I looked up. She shook her head and water shimmered in the air. She wore a bikini.

"Hi, Angie," I said, watching Dana stroll to the jetty and sit at its end, dangling his feet in the warm water.

"Hi, kid," she replied and, smiling, combed back her lustrous dark hair. Her skin was smooth and tanned, a pleasant almond color except where thin bands of white flesh peeked out from behind swimsuit straps. She turned, saw Dana, and waved. He returned it shyly. Then she raced away and leapt into the sea, her body cleaving the water cleanly. Dana watched. I watched.

Angie surfaced, shook her head again, and began plodding back toward the beach. Dana stiffened and stared at her. Angie felt something, looked down, and fumbled for her bikini top, blushing as she covered one pale, perfect breast with the fabric that had slipped during her dive. I thought nothing of it. Dana had turned away, trembling, and would not look at her again, though she seemed to wish he would. What did she seek from him? Recognition? Apology? A smile? I don't know. Angie left the beach.

The swollen sun hung from a copper-colored sky.

The crazy man brought the storm. One afternoon, just before sunset and after a dinner of hot dogs and warm Kool-aid, a scarecrow figure came skipping along the beach. Darkness was falling and the storm came up, splitting the sky and filling it with rainbow colors. He had no nose and he was screaming and scraping his arms and chest with handfuls of sand. Dad and Mr. Quiller had us run inside, even Dana, though I could see he resented this. We watched through the shutters as they tried to calm the man down. He wouldn't stop screaming, and soon the littler kids were crying. Suddenly he attacked, biting at Dad's face. Mr. Quiller was right behind him, though, and pulled him off. With Dad hollering and the stranger screaming and the storm lighting up the sky with its oily colors, I realized that however much we wished this summer to be like all the rest, it never would be. Something was gone from the world, something terribly important: the grown-ups called it *sanity* or *justice*. I called the missing thing *reason*.

Dad and Mr. Quiller came in a little while

# SUMMER OF MONSTERS

later, after everything had grown quiet. In the silence we all clamored to know what had happened. Dad was shaking, but he would not speak, nor did Mr. Quiller. We were never told what happened to the crazy man, and after a while we didn't care. Only Dana, always Dana, burned with resentment and anger for yet another thoughtless denial of his manhood. I was too young to worry about such things, but I did feel sorry for my brother.

We were changing, all of us. We kids were becoming brown as bushbabies, the adults less so; but there were other changes. At first they were only vague changes in mood: surliness, irritation, and quick tempers that flared for a while and then died down, so that everyone seemed the same. But we weren't the same. I noticed a queer, faraway look in the adults' eyes and the eyes of the older children—except for Dana. His eyes didn't change. He saw but could not participate in whatever was happening, whatever was clearly dividing the adults from the children. We were growing apart, indifferent and unconcerned with each other, and he was in the middle, growing neither like us nor like them. I comprehended our evolutions, but did not yet understand the meaning of the word and all its connotations.

I am still evolving now. The others evolved long ago.

Dana did not.

It was the summer of monsters, remember?

Who were the monsters?

The grown-ups began spending more and more time inside, hiding from the glaring sun. They seemed frail and complained of headaches and cold flashes, of nausea, spots before the eyes, and blackouts. We spent more and more time outside, unsupervised, uncared-for, digging vast tunnels and mazes in the sand, our skins almost as dark and glossy as ebony. Dana stayed with us but was not one of us. I alone of the children, and maybe of the adults, felt compassion for his plight. He must have been terribly lonely: a loneliness I cannot comprehend. Who could?

In the beginning, I had dreams, foreshadows of my reality; through them I saw and heard things I could not have possibly seen or heard, because I was only a little boy, seven years old. In my dreams, though, I was something else, something with a million ears and a million million eyes. I was every grain of sand on that whole coastline—every grain an ear, every grain an eye. Watching. Listening. As I still watch and listen, these centuries later, when the term *century* has lost all meaning and when the cosmic darkness, unbroken, is my home.

Dana? He was a monster—neither one of us nor one of them. An outcast, a misanthrope, an evolutionary dead end. One of a kind, I thought.

I was wrong.

Angie leaned against the door frame, watching David scabble in the sunlight, a naked grub, happy and mindless. He squirmed and dug into the soft sand with a green plastic shovel, playing happily, oblivious to the heat, as all us kids were. Angie was combing her hair, drawing the comb through her long locks in graceful teases. In front of her, out over the water-puddled tidal flats, gulls and white terns swooped on sluggish currents of thick air. Far, far out the waters sparkled like a rope of diamonds on the horizon, unreachable and mysterious. The smell of burnt sand filled the air. Behind her, secreted in the cooling shadows of the house, comforted by gray dust, faded woodwork, faded wallpaper, the grown-ups congregated, light-shy and gibbering in their secrecy. Dad's and Mr. Quiller's well-laid plan to save us from suffering had long since been forgotten. Only the sun would, in time, finish what they had abandoned. The secret voices drifted out from the inner sanctum like a tinkling of windchimes interspersed with the tinkling of tall glasses of beer or lemonade made with well-water from the kitchen pump. The voices were the rustle of a death-black cloak over night-frosted cemetery grass.

I was outside, sitting. Angie didn't notice me, so she was close to being a true adult, because they no longer noticed me either. And yet she was watching, disinterestedly, her brother, my grub-kin, so she was closer to Dana than anybody else. Not quite like him, not as isolated. But definitely akin to him.

"Damn them," she said. "Why can't I sit with them, talk with them?" She shook her head and cursed. "Seventeen? Too young for them and too old to play with the kiddies. Goddammit!" She stepped away from the shadow of the porch roof and into the sun, winced, and sat down on the bottom step, staring at the distant ocean, not seeing me. Behind her words, the constant whispering of the adults was like the hum of a hive. All around her the cloudy voices of the children hummed too. She peered through the heat-haze distorting the beach. There was a flash of movement, then another; it was Dana. He trod toward the house, head bent, sand kicking back from his heels as he struggled up the burning beach. The day was ending; the sun was a carmine smear like a dollop of oil paint in the sky behind him. Angie shaded her eyes and watched him approach. He was wearing white swimming trunks. They were wet and clung to his body. Her pulse quickened; somehow I felt it. She tried to become interested in the child with the green shovel, but could not keep from watching my approaching brother.

Dana came closer, dancing lightly on the sun-scorched sand. He looked up, startled to see her sitting there, and blushed faintly. "Hi," she said, raising her hand. The stoop became suddenly uncomfortable. She squirmed. They were both self-



conscious. Suddenly I understood the importance of their changing bodies.

"Hi, uh," he stammered.

"Hi, Dana," she said again, smiling. Her glance dipped from his face and fluttered back to his eyes.

"Gotta mind the young-uns, huh?" He cocked a thumb over his shoulder at bare-skinned Lizzy who had snuck up on David and dumped a pail of sand over his head. David did not cry; instead the two children began happily digging a burrow.

"Naw, not really." Their eyes met and parted, hers dipping again. "I only do it 'cause *they* won't," she said, indicating the house behind her. He nodded resentfully; a bond was formed, at that instant. And for all they noticed me, I might have been a grain of sand against the darkening beach.

"You, well . . . you wanna go for a walk, maybe?" She glanced over her shoulder into the lightless depths of the house, and heard a peculiar titter of laughter from within, a teasing gray lullaby. Desperately wanting to be a part of the mysterious world of the grown-ups, Angie sighed and got to her feet.

"Sure, Dana. C'mon."

They angled away off down the beach, following the shoreline, and disappeared into the ruddy gloom of twilight.

It wasn't the last night of the world, but the summer was drawing to a close.

The mewling adults did not notice their absence, nor did the beach grubs, both groups entrenched as deeply as they were in their mutual isolation. None of them recognized the weird, inhuman things they were becoming. They had ceased to be parts of a family; soon they would cease to be human at all.

Night came. The stars appeared, shining in their old configurations, the animals and gods pic-

tured in astronomy books. But who read books anymore? The *someone* in Portland who once played Sinatra over the airwaves as some sort of solace for his loneliness? Even him?

"What's happening to us, Dana?"

"What?"

"Why are they always indoors, hiding? And the little children—who's looking after them now? Who's feeding them?"

"I don't know."

"Me either," she said, shrugging her shoulders, tucking her long, fine hair behind her ears. "We're not a family anymore. Nothing makes any sense." Angie pursed her lips and looked ahead again, slipping her hand into his. The beach was dark and mingled with the sky. Clouds had come in; faint starlight shimmered on the incoming tide. The air was warm, semitropical, with the scant moisture that appeared after the sun's setting.

"They think we're freaks," Dana admitted, squeezing her hand.

"We're not!"

"No, of course we're not, Angie."

They walked. Sand collected between their toes and under the arches of their bare feet. A warm wind tousled their hair. Ghostly gulls glided silently above.

I was with them. I knew they were afraid of dying. I understood their silent tears and their rage at the injustice of it all, all the things they would never see or do. Theirs was not to be a normal lifetime; a heritage had been denied them. They walked farther, aimlessly.

"Why do you think our fathers brought us all back here?" Angie asked suddenly, glancing at her dim companion and shivering.

"The real reason," said Dana, "or the reason they told us?" He tried to keep his voice steady as he spoke.

## There were no more children or adults, only strange creatures that hid from the sun or wriggled blindly in the burning sand.

"The real one," she whispered.

"They meant to kill us—"

Angie gasped.

"To save us from the sun. They loved us, Angie. They didn't want us to die of starvation or dehydration or—"

"Please," she whispered. "Please stop."

The night closed around them, a soft darkness that comforted them little.

All this I experienced.

The night, like all the warm, alien nights before it, was the hothouse of our quickening changes. In darkness the grown-ups became thin and pale-skinned, like cave-dwelling crustaceans, afraid of the light of day, hollow-eyed and sibilant and hairless, while, black as blobs of tar, the children roamed the blistering days, their limbs atrophying, melding into their bodies until, like grotesque baby-faced worms, they were no longer children. I became something less tenuous, less substantial, like a thin haze, a skin of awareness surrounding the globe.

Dana and Angie? They remained human. Alone.

They had built a fire and watched it die. They slept beneath the dim stars, dreamlessly. In the night, Dana stirred to the sound of far-off thunder. He drifted back to sleep, heavy and gorged as if with food. The sleep was too deep, and it deadened instead of refreshed. Light ebbing, the last embers collapsed into piles of warm gray ash. Thin smoke drifted skyward, curling in the darkness.

They did not return to the house; for what purpose would they? To see that there were no more children or adults, only strange creatures that hid from the sun or wriggled blindly in the burning sand? To see me?

A new day dawned.

The sun rose, bright and hot above the miles of deserted coast on the last morning of the world. It was a beautiful morning, full of the freshness and vigor of the first morning. Ocean breezes rode in on aquamarine waves that shone like curling glass. The daylight was prismatic and sharply defined by a faultless horizon and a sky of palest blue. Terns sailed over the beach, white darts in the warm wind. The sea smelled fresh and new, as if the months of burning corruption had been cleansed away. Beds of thick green kelp glistened in the water, undulating sensually as mermaid's hair. A seal surfaced and exhaled noisily, its pelt sleek and healthy. Bobbing, it watched the

girl sitting near the waterline on the sun-dried headlands of smooth granite. As she moved to brush the hair back from her eyes, the seal slid silently away. Clear green water lapped round the tumble of rocks, gurgling and snuffling as the swells rolled in and receded.

The day was full of promise.

Angie threw a small stick into the water and watched it sail away. She waited.

Light shimmered and rippled above him, liquid and mercurial. Green water swelled and dipped, a pliant ceiling. Dana raised his arms and watched the shadows and the light patches ripple and play like cool fire across his flesh. There was no sound but the whispering of blood inside his ears. He opened his mouth and let a small trickle of silvery bubbles drift up through the water, trying to catch them with his fingers. They slipped by easily. Eyes open, Dana saw the stick go floating above him.

He surfaced noisily, splashing and sputtering, wiping water from his eyes. "I thought you'd never come up," Angie said, helping him clamber onto the rocks beside her. "I was getting lonely."

"It's beautiful down there. Won't you swim?" Angie shook her head and smiled sadly. "Okay, let's go for a walk."

Farther along the beach, the ocean drew closer, cutting gently into the sand. The sand was clean and white, unmarked. The water was flat and warm and glassy green but for the gentle swells. Minuscule wavelets, curling and sparking in the sun like fireworks, tumbled soundlessly up the shore. Dana drew a valentine heart in the sand with his finger and scribbled in their initials. Playfully, they ran together, still naked, heels kicking up diamond-dust sprays of warm water, hair billowing in the wind of their passage. Dana slipped, caught himself, slipped again and fell to his back, laughing giddily. Angie circled him, splashing and giggling and drenching herself. He reached out, grabbed her ankle and pulled her shrieking into the water with him. They wrestled and subsided, the mist drifting and settling as their commotion died away. Lying ankle-deep in the surf with matted hair and water dripping into their eyes, the last two gazed at each other. Silence: words were not important, would have been foolish or contrived.

Gentle waters lapped at their bodies.

They made love, these monsters, these outcasts. I felt it with every particle, heard it with every ear, saw it with every eye. The whole world experienced it.

That last night, they built another fire and sat before it, singing quiet songs and remembering and watching the darkness come. It was the end of summer.

And the end of summer is always a peaceful time. 

FATE PLAYED COMEDIAN AS TWO GRINGOS  
TOOK A RIDE WITH DEATH ON THE . . .

# Mexican Merry-Go-Round

by Avram Davidson

Joe Nilson and Si (for Simon, which he hated) Stuart had stopped for something to eat. And also drink. The Mexican desert in August may not be exactly East of Suez, but it still tends to raise a thirst.

The place they stopped at didn't look like much, but it was the only place in town—if you could call it a town. Two adobe houses that might have grown out of the baked brown soil. And a restaurant—if you could call it a restaurant. It was part adobe and part corrugated iron, and it wasn't much cooler than the terrible heat outside. Still, it was some bit cooler.

"Bar El Cordobes, corner of—" Joe had begun to mutter to himself.

Si, giving a quick nervous glance around, interrupted him. "That's right, spread it to the four winds," he said irritably. "Let the whole world know."

Joe wiped his puffy, red, and sweating face. "I'm afraid I'll forget," he said.

"You *won't* forget. I won't forget."

"Well . . . we might. I'd sure hate to travel a thousand miles in this kind of heat and then forget."

Si again assured him that they wouldn't forget. And he suggested, with the unconvincing air of one who has made the suggestion before—many times before—that they could "write it down." But Joe, as always, said that he didn't want to write it down. They might be stopped, he pointed out. And they might be searched. And the police might recognize the name of the bar that they were traveling a thousand miles to get to, in hopes of making a connection—even though it was still a good (or maybe, rather, a bad) five hundred miles away. "Anyway, I want some hamburgers and French fries and some cold beer," he said. "Many bottles of cold beer."

A woman of thirty smiled at them from her place at the table where she was preparing food. She called a name, and a boy half her age came forward, looking at them inquiringly. He might have been her brother, her son, her uncle. On the wall there were, inevitably, the pictures of the Holy Virgin of Guadalupe and the current Mexican president. Neither Joe nor Si recognized either.

"Hamburgers, French fries, and some cold beer."

But these items were not available. That is, there were no hamburgers, no French fries, and the beer was not cold. It had indeed been kept in water that had once been cold, and it was not yet hot exactly, not even really warm; it was what the Mexicans call *temprano*. After much gesturing, some conversation, and the exchange of what little Spanish and equally little English was mutually known, plates of food were produced. And, of course, beer.

"Gee, I dunno. This food. How come they didn't have no hamburgers?"

"Gee, I dunno. Maybe they run out of it."

Joe thought that maybe that was it. He ordered another beer.

"That makes four," Si pointed out.

Joe said what difference does it make if it was four dozen. Or four hundred. His face was even redder. "I'm sweating like a pig," he said. "This *heat*." As an afterthought, he ordered another plate of the nonhamburgers. And after that another. And some more beer. "You can't trust the water here," he pointed out.

"My God, this car is like an *oven*," Si said, trying to start it quickly so they could at least be going fast enough for some breeze, even a warm one.

"Well, once we unload the stuff we'll be able to buy an air-conditioned van," he said, answering his own complaint. After a minute or two he looked over and asked, "You feeling all right, Joe? I hope you ain't gonna be sick, or something. This wasn't suppose to be no damn ambulance run, ya know." Joe, breathing heavily, gave his head a slight nod or shake.

The road unrolled like a ribbon, and now and then it dipped very slightly, just enough to show that the glimmer as of water in the dips was false, a mirage. There was no other water anywhere around. There were not even any other mirages.

A friend back home had told them—the conversation had gotten around to how to make some





real money real quick—about this bar in some Mexican town. “The Indian farmers grow the stuff back in the hills,” the friend said. “Just like corn. And you know, every farmer’s got a brother-in-law or something in town. Like an *agent*, or something.” The brothers-on-law all hung around the Bar El Córdobes. All you had to do was sit and have a drink while they looked you over. And that was the way the connection would be made.

“When the hippies had everything sewed up, them days are over,” the friend said. “So just look cool. And you’ll do okay.”

“Avoid the middleman, huh?”

“That’s the idea. The Mexicans, they don’t really like hippies anyway. But people like you and me, they like us okay.”

Si and Joe liked the idea of avoiding the

middleman, and they liked the idea of the Mexicans liking them, Si and Joe, okay.

“But what if the American government searches the car at the border, coming back?”

The friend smiled at this foolish question, making them feel kind of silly. “Just come back on some weekend and join the crowd. Why should they search *your* car? *You* look okay. Forty thousand cars coming back over the border from a weekend, they’re going to hold up traffic to search *your* car? What for? You aren’t a couple of longhairs, a couple of kids.”

So that was that.

The two of them had talked it over, decided that Labor Day weekend promised the biggest crowd at the border, and timed their visit accordingly. They had realized it would be hot, of course. What they

Si was shown  
quite a number of automobiles,  
none of which  
was the right automobile,  
and several cadavers,  
none of them  
the correct cadaver.

hadn't realized was that it would be *this* hot.

Joe suddenly gave a loud cry and leaped forward, half out of his seat. He looked around wildly. Si slowed, stopped the car. "What's the matter, for cry sake?"

Joe gasped, mumbled. Then he sat back. "Ah ... had one of them bad dreams again. I must of fallen asleep."

"All that beer."

"Listen, will you for cry sake shut up about that beer?"

And so began another quarrel.

After a while Si stopped arguing and just went on driving, his mouth tight. He paid no attention when Joe's face, now purple, relaxed into uneasy sleep once more. And when Joe gave another croak, writhed in his seat, and slumped, Si just shrugged and kept on driving. It must have been at least an hour afterwards when he stopped in order to use a ditch by the side of the road, and, coming back to the car and looking at his companion with a distasteful scowl, suddenly realized that Joe didn't seem to be breathing. And when Si jerked open the door, Joe fell out.

"Joe? Hey Joe. Joe? Oh, for—Oh my God—Joe!"

But Joe was dead.

"Oh boy," Si said bitterly. "This is the last dumb trick you pulled on me and this one is really a beaut! What a burn—Here I am, in the middle of Mexico, stuck with a stiff I oughta just dump him right in the ditch." It would mean, of course, that now Si would have to do all the driving. On the other hand, it would also mean that Si would have all the money. For a moment he stood there, motionless, considering. Then he sighed. Shrugged. "Nah. No way. I can't just go down with a buddy and just come back with no buddy. Besides, suppose they find him and by that time—and maybe they'd think I killed him! Nope ..."

Joe was heavy, but Si was strong. He got him back into the car. "Gotta find a doctor," he muttered. "Sign the death certificate." He drove on and on. But nothing in the shape of a doctor showed. Nothing in the shape of a town, even. And after a while Si began to get very very nervous. There was

Joe in the back seat, stretched out, and ... somehow ... Si did not, he found, he did not *like* the idea of Joe lying stretched out in the back seat behind him. And as he faced this fact, he came to his decision. He stopped the car, got out, took down from the baggage rack on top of the car the tarp that held, rolled up, their few items of camping and sporting gear—more for show than for use—dumped it, spread out the tarp, hauled Joe out, settled him on the tarp, rolled him up in it, wrestled him onto the baggage rack on top of the car, and lashed him down. Then he piled the other stuff into the back seat.

Then he drove off again.

It was at least another hour before he came to the town. Most of his scanty Spanish deserted him, and it took a while before he finally found the police station. "Gotta do this *right*," he muttered.

The police were very sympathetic. They begged him not to blame himself, although he had not been aware of any desire to do so. They urged him not to blame the local climate either.

"Clearly, it was a heart attack. And heart attacks occur in every climate. This is really a very healthy environ. We were born here, and are in perfect health. The air is hot, true. But it is clear. And dry, señor. Very, very dry."

"Except during the rains," the second policeman said.

This slightly annoyed the first one. "*Hombre* ... Well, of course, during the rains—"

And the second policeman, nodding so that his neatly clipped and rather large moustache touched the upper part of his chin, sighed, released his lip, and said, "It was the will of God, señor."

This view of the matter, now that it was brought to his attention, cleared the face of the first police officer. He nodded his rapid and entire agreement. And as the medical officer then arrived, short and dapper and dark, dangling his black bag and looking from face to face with an inquiring expression, they all went outside to take down the body and examine it in order that everything should be done correctly and in order. The medical officer even interrupted his writing out of the death certificate to go and watch.

But the car being gone, the body was, too.

It took a while before the officials were persuaded that Si had not, in an entirely understandable and excusable state of shock and confusion, merely forgotten where he had parked the car. Some embarrassment followed. The officials murmured among themselves, shrugged, gestured. The physician also shrugged, raised his eyebrows, and begged to be excused in order to attend to his extensive private practice, including two cases in *extremis*, and a woman about to give light to her first child. He

patted Si sympathetically on the shoulder, and was gone. The police gave final shrugs; then they turned and went back into the station.

Si stood for a moment, blankly watching the street. Cars and trucks and motorcycles passed and repassed. Small boys and old men ambled by on burros. A woman approached and offered a tray of glazed dumplings for his inspection and choice. Si shook his head. Then he walked back inside.

"What am I supposed to do now?" he asked.

They told him he was supposed to return tomorrow. They told him that crime was alas on the increase, almost certainly as the result of the deplorable influence of motion pictures of foreign origin, and that among the crimes they had particular reference to was automobile theft. The older of the policemen said that in his grandfather's time there had been no foreign moving pictures and, consequently, no automobile thefts, either.

The younger policeman gave him directions to what (he said) was simultaneously the best, the cheapest, and the cleanest guest house in town. "Just tell the señora that her brother-in-law sent you," he concluded.

After passing but an indifferent night at the *casa de huéspedes* (good, clean, and cheap enough though it was), Si returned to the police station bright and early. No one there knew anything about the matter. It was long before his acquaintances of the day before came on for their shift. Their first question was whether he had learned anything. On learning that he had not, their faces fell, and they directed him to the offices of the Procurator of Justice, where—they told him, with some measure of respectful reproach—he ought really to have gone in the first place.

"You see, senior, crimes of theft directed against foreigners, they are really not the jurisdiction of this department. But, as we felt sympathy for you in view of your tragic loss, well, we did not wish to bother you with these bureaucratic details. Directly down the boulevard, senior, turn right, turn right again, and then—"

Si was shown quite a number of automobiles, none of which was the right automobile, and several cadavers, none of them the correct cadaver. After several days he began to feel at more than somewhat of a loss. And a day or so after that, he began to feel rather annoyed about it all.

"This is what I get for trying to do a friend a favor," he said aloud to himself. Such was his self-reproach that, stomping down the main street of the town and calculating the financial aspects of this and that, he was almost run down by an automobile that looked extremely familiar.

And so, for that matter, did the driver.

"Joe!" cried Si. "Joe! Joe! Joe!"



They went somewhere to have a few drinks to celebrate their meeting, a celebration which Joe, through some prescience or other, had already had a head start on. They decided to continue the celebration at another place, none specified, and, as they went out into the street, stumbling slightly (due, no doubt, to irregularities in the pavement), Joe turned and said, "Boy, you oughta be glad I don't just drive right off and leave you here."

"Leave me! Leave me? Why, I been walking my goddamn feet off on your behalf. Besides what—You never did tell me—"

"Been driving around looking for you. Days! Where the hell were you?"

"Me? Me? Where the hell were you?"

It was quite a while before they got it all straightened out.

Joe (as best he recollected it) had had another one of his bad dreams. First he felt as though he was kind of paralyzed, like. And then he dreamt that some, well, he couldn't exactly describe them, they were just kind of like *things*, were sort of creeping up on him. And then he woke up with a kind of great big yell, as he usually did.

"They must of thought I was dead, see, and was trying t' rob me!"

"Where was this, Joe?"

Joe shrugged. "How the hell you think I know where it was? Out in the boonies somewhere. Way out past the outskirts of town. And there was this bunch of goons, these characters, guys kind of hovering over me, like *vultures* or something. And when I woke up with a kind of great big yell, like I usually do—Boy! did they ever run! And yell? Boy, did they ever yell!"

Joe and Si both laughed heartily at this picture.

As it happened, neither of them forgot the name of the street on the corner of which was the

## Mexican Merry-Go-Round

Bar El Córdoba. So *that* was okay. The beer was great. *Cold*. Some of the hombres there, they looked as if they were pretty tough hombres. One of them came staggering up to the table and said something sort of sneering, but somebody else gave him a push and a shove, and he went spinning out the door. And this other guy apologized. "You must pardon for that one," the new guy said. "He lacks education. We have produced too much *analfabeticos*."

Si looked at Joe. Joe looked at Si. Did this new guy say "alfalfa"? Joe asked this in a whisper. Si at once caught on. "Say, sit down and have a drink with us. Say, let's talk about the alfalfa. How's your brother-in-law's crop?"

The Mexican guy (when he saw they couldn't pronounce his other name, he begged them to call him "José"), the Mexican guy sure was surprised that they knew about his brother-in-law. He had to admit, though, that his brother-in-law *was* a farmer. So that broke the ice, right there. Joe and Si gave him a couple of big winks to show that *they* knew what was really going on, okay. So by and by he quit making believe, and then they got down to details. Like: where is it? how much is it? how do we get it?

Finally they got it.

Joe, as usual, was picky.

"It looks like *hay*, to me," he said. Si said that was probably why they called it *grass*. And Joe asked, "Why is it *sticky*? Why's it smell like some imitation coke drink?" So Si had to explain to him, it was sprayed with a soft drink so it would stick together and compress, into bricks, like. For transportation. And sale. Still Joe grumbled that it looked like *hay* to him. And then he asked, Jeez, what's it do to the guys' lungs, who smoked it? And Si said, "That's *their* problem."

Si and Joe wanted to stick around and celebrate this great stroke of business, but José and his friends warned them not to. Hippies, they said, might hijack their cargo. So at Joe's suggestion they celebrated at the next town instead. And at the town after that. And at the—Si grabbed up the newspaper on the bar. "Say! *Agosto*, ain't that August?"

"How the hell should I know? Why?"

"Why? Lookit the date! You reelize that we got only two days to make it back ta the border? for the Labor Day weekend crowd?"

Si wrestled Joe, protesting loudly, out of the bar and into the car, to the great inconvenience of an old woman selling home-made tortillas and the great interest of little boys selling factory-made Chicklets.

Once the car was in motion, they both fell silent. Indeed, they were far out into the country before Si burst out, "Boy, did *you* ever foul things up!"

Joe was outraged. "Me? Me? *Me* foul things up?"

"Yeah, you. You dumb son of a bitch—"

"Don't you call *me* no dumb son of a bitch—"

'Why do they come down here  
to have their heart attacks?  
It must be the blood pressure,  
brought on by the tensions  
of watching their  
violent motion pictures.'

In a moment they were struggling together in the car. The car veered this way, the car veered that way. There was only one tree alongside the road for kilometers: the car smacked into the tree and the butt-end of its lowest branch smacked into Si's chest. And then the car stopped. There was a single drop of blood at the corner of Si's lip; otherwise, not even a piece of broken glass. But Si was silent and slumped. Joe called him, Joe shook him, Joe looked around wildly. The heat-stricken fields were empty, and so was the shimmering road. His eye fell upon the tarp, silently hanging from where he had loosely retied it to the baggage rack. He tugged it free, pulled it down, wrapped Si up in it, and, panting and grunting, hauled the now heavy tarp back up to where it had been before, and tied it down again. It would have been easier to put him in the trunk. But the trunk was full.

Then he got back in the car and started it up again. Fortunately nothing seemed wrong with the car. Joe drove on, scowling and complaining. By and by he came to a town. *Town. Beer. Celebrate with friend.*

There was no friend.

The scowl faded, succeeded by an expression of remorse and guilt. "Si!" he moaned. "My old buddy! My best friend! And I was just gonna drop him in a ditch somewhere. I don't deserve to live. I oughta be hung. I . . . I'll give myself up! That's what I'll do. Where's the police?"

He drove rapidly back into the center of town, and with only some moderate difficulty found what he was looking for. The police listened to his mumbled tale with incomplete comprehension but with complete amazement. "A heart attack. His friend had a heart attack while at the wheel of the car evidently. Is this not the second such case this week? The same, or similar. Why do they come down here to have their heart attacks? It must be the blood pressure, brought on by the tensions of watching their violent motion pictures; if they would instead go to bull fights, assuredly they would suffer less tension and pressure. Well, well, it cannot be helped, let us take care of the matter at once, or it will be in the periodicals and then the tourist trade will suffer." And, with looks of the deepest sympathy, they put their arms around Joe (now weeping heartily), and walked with him out to the sidewalk to find the car.

But the car, of course, was gone. (7)



allen

# FIVE MINUTES EARLY

by Robert Sheckley

HE HAD A FEW PRECIOUS MOMENTS LEFT —  
AND THEY'D HAVE TO LAST HIM AN ETERNITY.

**S**uddenly, John Greer found that he was at the entrance to heaven. Before him stretched the white and azure cloudlands of the hereafter, and in the far distance he could see a fabulous city gleaming gold under an eternal sun. Standing in front of him was the tall, benign presence of the Recording Angel. Strangely, Greer felt no sense of shock. He had always believed that heaven was for everyone, not just the members of one religion or sect. Despite this, he had been tortured all his life by doubts. Now he could only smile at his lack of faith in the divine scheme.

"Welcome to heaven," the Recording Angel said, and opened a great brass-bound ledger. Squinting through thick bifocals, the angel ran his finger down the dense rows of names. He found Greer's entry and hesitated, his wing-tips fluttering momentarily in agitation.

"Is something wrong?" Greer asked.

"I'm afraid so," the Recording Angel said. "It seems that the Angel of Death came for you before your appointed time. He has been badly overworked of late, but it's still inexcusable. Luckily, it's quite a minor error."

"Taking me away before my time?" said Greer. "I don't consider that minor."

"But you see, it's only a matter of five minutes. Nothing to concern yourself over. Shall we just overlook the discrepancy and send you on to the Eternal City?"

The Recording Angel was right, no doubt. What difference could five more minutes on earth make to him? Yet Greer felt they might be important, even though he couldn't say why. "I'd like those five minutes,"

The Recording Angel looked at him with compassion. "You have the right, of course, but I would advise against it. Do you remember how you died?"

Greer thought, then shook his head. "How?"

"I am not allowed to say. But death is never pleasant. You're here now. Why not stay with us?"

That was only reasonable. But Greer was


nagged by a sense of something unfinished. "If it's allowed," he said, "I really would like to have those last minutes."

"Go, then," said the angel. "I will wait for you."

And suddenly Greer was back on earth. He was in a cylindrical metal room lit by dim flickering lights. The air was stale and smelled of steam and machine oil. The steel walls were heaving and creaking, and water was pouring through the seams.

Then Greer remembered where he was. He was a gunnery officer aboard the U.S. submarine *Invictus*. There had been a sonar failure; they had just rammed an underwater cliff that should have been five miles away, and now they were dropping helplessly through the black water. Already the *Invictus* was far below her maximum depth. It could only be a matter of time before the rapidly mounting pressure collapsed the ship's hull. Greer knew it would happen in exactly five minutes.

There was no panic on the ship. The seamen braced themselves against the bulging walls, waiting, frightened, but in tight control of themselves. The technicians stayed at their posts, steadily reading the instruments that told them they had no chance at all. Greer knew that the Recording Angel had wanted to spare him this, the bitter end of life, the brief sharp agony of death in the icy dark.

And yet Greer was glad to be here, though he didn't expect the Recording Angel to understand. How could a creature of heaven understand the feelings of a man of earth? After all, most men die in fear and ignorance, expecting at worst the tortures of hell, at best the nothingness of oblivion. Greer knew what lay ahead, knew that the Recording Angel awaited him at the entrance to heaven. Therefore he was able to spend his final minutes making a proper and dignified exit from the earth. As the submarine's walls collapsed around him, he was remembering a sunset over Key West, a quick, dramatic summer storm on the Chesapeake, the slow circle of a hawk soaring above the Everglades. Although heaven lay ahead, now only seconds away, Greer was thinking of the beauties of the earth, remembering as many of them as he could, like a man packing provisions for a long journey into a strange land. 

# The Silly Stuff

by Al Sarrantonio

ROSE BUSHES THAT WALKED? DEAD FISH FROM THE SKY?  
SURELY THERE WAS A PERFECTLY LOGICAL EXPLANATION FOR IT ALL.

**N**o, I tell you I'm on to something, Bill. You *have* to keep printing them!" The voice on the other end of the line said something nasty.

"Oh, yeah? And the same to you!" Nathan Halpern slammed the wall phone back into its cradle. Instinctively he checked the coin return to see if anything had dropped into it. "Damn," he said, and walked back to the bar.

The bartender smiled. "Almost never works."

Halpern waved him off, taking a sip of his beer. "That's not what I'm mad about," he said. He pulled a crumpled newspaper clipping from the pocket of his equally rumpled sports jacket and pushed it across the bar. "Here," he said, "look at this."

It was a slow Wednesday afternoon in the Golden Spoon Tavern, in the dead center of a killing August heat wave. The lunch crowd, what little there was of it, had long gone, and besides Nathan Halpern the only other customers the bartender had to worry about were two regulars at the other end of the bar, each of whom, like clockwork, drank one scotch on the rocks every half-hour; and since it was nearly twenty minutes until the next round was due, the bartender could afford to socialize. He took the clipping and read:

## FISH FALL FROM SKY

Copanah, NY (Aug. 12)—Residents of the small town of Copanah, ten miles northeast of Albany, reported a rain of dead fish yesterday. The creatures, which allegedly resembled cod in appearance, were scattered over an area two miles square, and local residents insist that they dropped from the heavens.

One elderly resident of the town, Sam Driller, whose integrity was vouched for by several neighbors including Copanah's mayor, stated that he had gone out to move some trash cans to the street for pickup when "a whole barrelful of fish dropped right on top of me. I looked up, and the sky's full of 'em—they was dropping right out of the clouds. It ain't natural, but I swear I saw it."

Two local policemen and the daughter of the town librarian also witnessed the event, and local authorities could offer no explanation. A spokesman for Margolies Air Force Base, thirty miles away, reports that none of its aircraft were in the air at that time.

The bartender folded the clipping and handed it back to Halpern. "So?" he said. "Silly stuff like that turns up in the papers every summer." He cocked his head toward the telephone on the wall. "I heard part of your conversation. You wrote this?"

"Yeah." Halpern nodded glumly. "And you don't think there's anything to it either?"

The bartender drew Halpern another beer, setting it down in front of him. "That one's on the house. To tell you the truth, no."

Halpern leaned across the bar and tapped his finger against the wood. "I checked every one of those witnesses myself."

The bartender shrugged. "Doesn't mean a thing. All those people could easily have been lying."

Halpern nearly knocked his beer over. "No way!" he said excitedly. "I know it's supposed to be the dog days and all that, but this stuff is for real. I've checked it out. It goes on all the time, all over the place. Little clusters of reports here, little clusters there. The only reason you see more stuff in the paper in July and August is because there's nothing else to print. But these things actually happen all the time, since before newspapers existed. And this time they're happening here in Albany County."

The bartender still looked skeptical.

"Look—" Halpern took a sip of beer and wiped his mouth with his sleeve. "—have you ever heard of Charles Fort?"

The bartender scratched his head. "Wrote a bunch of paperbacks, right?"

Halpern nodded. "Something like that. Fort was a kind of journalist. Spent over twenty-five years in the New York Public Library and the British Museum collecting stories from newspapers and scientific journals—stories like the one I showed you. He had thousands and thousands of clippings and articles, and he put them into books like *Lo!* and *The*





**'Six-headed chickens and all.  
But that was yesterday.  
Today it was ball-point pens  
dropping through the ceiling  
of a supermarket.'**

*Book of the Damned.* He documented all kinds of weird things—wolf children, devil sightings, flying saucers, volcanic eruptions spewing out human limbs instead of lava—you name it. He didn't take all of it seriously, but he was convinced that everything that happens is somehow *connected*; that there is only one unified reality that everything is tied to. One of his favorite quotes was, 'I think we're all property.' "

The bartender laughed. "We are," he said. "We're all owned by the IRS."

Halpern didn't smile. "Charles Fort was no nut. Hell, after he died back in the thirties, a bunch of people like Theodore Dreiser, Ben Hecht, and Alexander Woolcott got together and started the Fortean Society to continue the work he was doing. It still exists."

The half-hour chime sounded on the cuckoo clock over the cash register, and the bartender mixed and delivered two more scotches to the regulars. When he came back, he looked thoughtful.

"So you really think there's something behind it?"

Halpern nodded. "I've checked out too many of these stories to think they're all baloney. I swear there's a pattern to it all, just like Fort believed."

"Well, I'm still unconvinced. From what I've seen behind this bar, you can find patterns wherever you want to."

Halpern leaned close, and a conspiratorial tone came into his voice. "Do you know someone named Rita Gartenburg?"

"Sure," the bartender replied. "I've lived down the block from her for twenty years."

"She a drunk? Or a nut?"

"No way!" said the bartender. "Never seen her in here or any other gin mill in town. And she's no kook. She's a nice, steady lady who grows prize roses in her backyard."

"Well," said Halpern, "prize-winning or not, she told me she saw a bunch of those same rose-bushes get up off the ground and walk around."

The bartender's jaw dropped. "You must be kidding."

"That's what she told me," said Halpern, "and that's the way I'm going to report it. She even took a couple of pictures, but the damn things didn't come out."

The bartender shrugged. "I don't know what to think."

Halpern downed his beer and prepared to

leave. "You know," he said, "I used to be a hotshot columnist, weekdays *and* in the Sunday supplement. Political reporter." He shook his head. "But I never believed anything as strongly as I believe this stuff. I've been at it two months now, ever since the Fourth of July, when a bunch of kids near my house said they saw a skyrocket land back on the ground and run away." He gave a short laugh and held two fingers a quarter-inch apart as he backed through the door. "I'm telling you, there's something there, and I'm getting closer to it all the time."

## **SKY GOES BLACK AT NOON ON SUNNY DAY**

Sumptersville, NY (Aug. 20)—According to residents of Sagerstown, four miles east of Sumptersville, the sky suddenly turned black at twelve noon yesterday. Local weather charts showed that the day was cloudless and sunny, with north-northwest winds at six to eight miles per hour, but an affidavit signed by nearly all of the seventy-six residents of the tiny community, known statewide for its annual cornbread festival each September, swore that at exactly twelve o'clock "the sky went completely dark, as if God Himself had pulled a light switch off."

There were no stars visible during the occurrence, which lasted approximately five minutes, and an eerie silence seemed to come over the town. Then suddenly, according to the statement, it was bright daylight again.

Witnesses and signers of the affidavit included six members of the local town council, as well as retired weatherman Jed Burns, who worked for local tv station WWWM for twenty-three years. Reached for comment, Burns said that he was "still in a stunned condition" and had no idea what had happened. He said he has tried to get the U.S. Weather Bureau involved in the matter, but that so far they have shown no interest.

"I tell you, Bill," Halpern yelled into the phone, "I'm real close."

There was silence on the other end for a moment, and then a squawking sound that lasted for a minute and a half.

At the end of it Halpern waited a few seconds. "No, Bill," he said calmly, "I have not been out in the sun too long. I've told you from the beginning of this thing that you should just let me run with it, and I'm telling you again. When I break it open, I'll come back to Albany and be a good boy."

There was another short squawk on the other end.

"That's right, a good boy. Cover the state leg-

islature and everything. I promise. But you have to let me follow this through."

Another squawk.

"That's right. Six-headed chickens and all. But that was yesterday, editor mine. Today it was ball-point pens dropping through the ceiling of a supermarket."

Another squawk—actually, more of a screech this time, louder and more insistent.

"Didn't you hear me at all? I said I'm beginning to see a pattern to all this. This could be my chance to be Woodward and Bernstein, Bill."

*Squawk.*

"No, I haven't actually seen any of it. I always seem to be one town behind, and when I guess where the next thing will occur, I always guess wrong. But I'll break the code. And yes, the chicken *could* have been feke, but it wasn't. Believe me, it's beginning to click."

Silence on the other end; then a low, rasping sound.

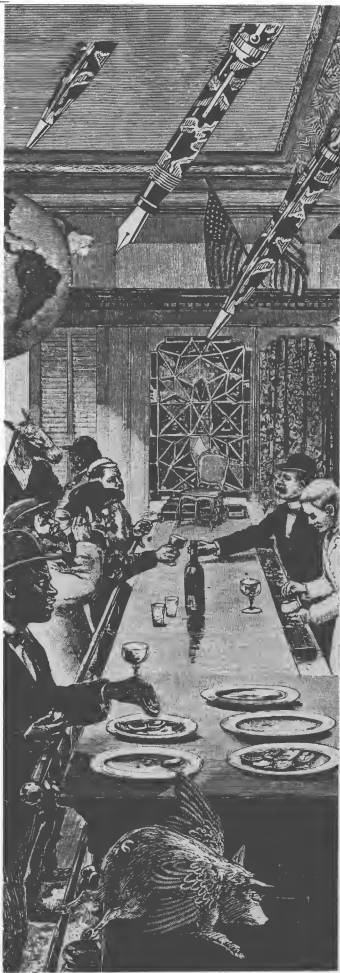
"That's right, Bill—Woodward and Bernstein. Sure you got that whole story? Okay, call you tomorrow."

## COW GIVES BIRTH TO TWO DOGS

Pokerton, NY (Aug. 23)—Bill Gainesborough, a small farmer in this dairy farming community, swears that one of his cows gave birth to two puppies earlier this week. Gainesborough, who was upset by the event and hesitant to talk about it to reporters, stated that his cow Ilse, one of thirty milk cows on the farm, gave birth to two dogs "right in front of my eyes."

The puppies are cocker spaniels, and there are no cocker spaniel owners within ten miles of the Gainesborough property. Neighbors, who urged the farmer to talk about what had happened, swore that Gainesborough was not the kind of man to pull a hoax. The puppies were given to a local foundling home.

**H**alpern didn't call his editor back the next day. On Wednesday the twenty-fifth he found himself in Lolarkin, where a group of schoolboys claimed to have seen three moons in the sky. Thursday the twenty-sixth found him in Crater, where two grandmothers and twelve of their kin swore that their house had lifted itself off its foundation, turned around 180 degrees, and set itself back down again. On Friday he was in Peach Hollow, just missing a rain of black tar. Saturday he spent in Cooperville, arriving a scant three minutes after two hamsters had talked in a crowded pet store; he'd guessed right on that location, but had miscalculated as to time. Sunday morning the twenty-ninth he sat



**The youth vanished  
before the startled eyes  
of his uncle, who was  
looking out the window  
when the incident occurred.  
'It was like somebody  
yanked him out of the air,'  
he said.**

in a diner in Reseda, staring at a horribly creased map of the state, when suddenly the pattern rose before his blurry eyes.

He shoved the map under his arm as he dialed the phone. His hands were shaking. He stared back across the room at his eggs getting cold while the phone rang.

"Bill, it's me."

This time there wasn't squawking, but rather a high and steady whine.

"I know it's Sunday morning. No, I didn't know it was six o'clock. I've been up all night."

His hands wouldn't stop shaking.

"Shut up, Bill," he said into the phone as the whining started up again. He fumbled the map up to his eyes. "It's simple as hell. Crisscross, crisscross. These things have been making little x's all over the county. And you know what that means? Something, some single source, is behind it all."

Silence.

"Did you hear me?"

Silence again. Then a carefully phrased question.

"No, I won't tell you where I am. Wait for me to phone in my story. But I'll bet you even money that I'm in the place where the next thing happens. Just another day or two, Bill. That's all I need."

Silence. Then a sigh.

"Thanks, Bill. If you were here I'd kiss your ugly face."

## **BOY TELEPORTED FROM OWN HOUSE TO NEIGHBOR'S**

Grafton, NY (Aug. 30)—Ten-year-old Bobby Milestone, who vanished into thin air while playing quietly in his own front yard today, was found an hour later in the home of Grafton neighbor Mr. Fred Warbling. The youth claimed to remember nothing that happened to him between the time he vanished and reappeared. "I

was out front one second," he stated, "and the next second I was on top of Mr. Warbling's car in his garage."

The youth vanished before the startled eyes of his uncle, Mr. Eugene Milestone, who was looking out the window when the incident occurred. "It was like somebody yanked him out of the air," Mr. Milestone said.

This reporter was on hand and participated in the massive hour-long search, which was mounted immediately after young Milestone vanished. No explanation has been offered for the youth's disappearance and subsequent reappearance.

Halpern called in the Milestone piece on Monday afternoon over Bill Greener's loud protestations. All the rest of the day he double- and triple-checked his calculations, readying himself for the next day's sighting. He rented a car and was on the road before nightfall, munching periodically on a bucket of fried chicken as he drove. Before leaving he sent a cable to Greener which read: I WAS RIGHT, YOU SUCKER. HAVE REACHED END OF SEARCH. WILL KNOW ALL TOMORROW. BRACE FOR BIG STORY.

He drove for four hours, pulling to a halt well before dawn at his calculated sight. There was no moon and the visibility was bad, but he seemed to be on a road at the edge of a vast, rolling valley in the middle of nowhere. He shrugged and went to sleep for a couple of hours, awakening just as dawn broke. When he looked out the window, his eyes widened.

"My God," he gasped, "I was right."

There, a scant fifty yards off the dusty road, sat a machine. It looked like nothing so much as an airship, a dirigible-like structure with a long cabin slung underneath. It bore no identifiable markings.

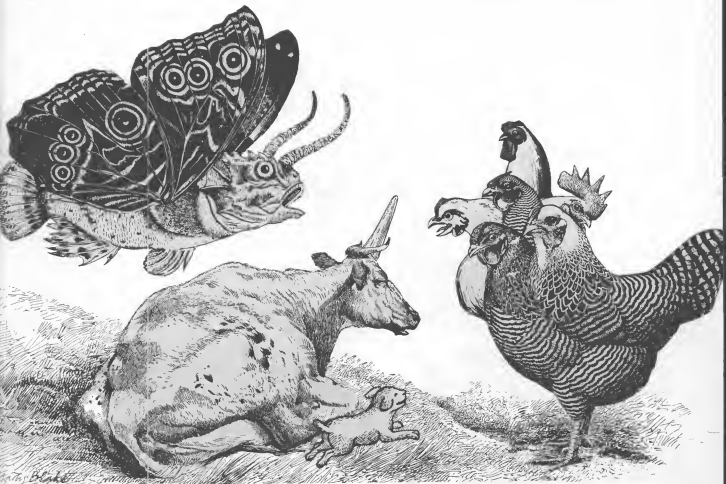
As Halpern drew closer, he saw that his first impression had been a bit mistaken; the thing was not quite as rickety as it had first appeared. It was smoothly metallic and resembled a conventional cigar-shaped flying saucer.

And as he crept even closer, he saw that there was a doorway in the cabin underneath, and a figure leaning against it with his arms folded. Just as Halpern reached the ship, the figure waved languidly and turned away, disappearing inside. Cautiously Halpern poked his head through the opening—and heard someone say, in an even tone, "Please come in, Mr. Halpern."

He entered the craft, stepping as if he were walking on eggs.

Inside, the cabin was a cluttered mess; stacks of papers and charts lay everywhere. A man was at the front of the structure, bending over a control panel composed of antique knobs and a huge bronze steering wheel. Two globes, one celestial and one terrestrial, were mounted on either side.

The man turned, and Halpern at once thought



he looked vaguely familiar. He was strongly built, taller than average, and bore a slight resemblance to Teddy Roosevelt, with a bushy moustache and curling hair parted a bit left of center. He wore a pince-nez, and Halpern was at once taken with the calmness of the gray eyes behind it. He also wore a three-piece woolen suit with a watch-chain and fob attached.

"Please sit down, sir," the man said, indicating a camp stool off to the right. "I'll be with you in a moment." He turned to the control panel, and Halpern spun around to see the door to the craft closing with a smooth hiss. Moments later there was a nearly indetectable bump. They were airborne.

With a sigh the man turned from the control board and confronted Halpern with those calm gray eyes.

"I must congratulate you," he said, "on your perseverance. I was happy to see you'd found my little pattern. And that you were clever enough to notice that the last little  $x$  in my grid of  $x$ 's would be completed today." The corners of his eyes wrinkled upward—in mirth or perhaps something else. "Very resourceful. You thought there might be something at the end of my rainbow of crisscrosses, eh?"

Halpern nodded cautiously.

The stranger suddenly thrust out his hand. "Well, you were right, of course. My name is Charles Fort, sir."

The man paused a moment to watch Halpern's jaw drop, then went on: "You've become something of a pest these last few weeks, you know. But I must say you've been an interesting pest." Once again his

eyes seemed to twinkle.

"You *can't* be Charles Fort," said Halpern. "Fort died fifty years ago."

The other's eyebrows went up. "Did he? I suppose you need a bit of explanation, eh?"

Halpern said nothing.

"First of all," the man said, "I really am Charles Fort. Or was, anyway, for a time. Actually, you might call me a kind of 'overseer.' I was sent here to Earth a very long time ago, Mr. Halpern. My life here as Charles Fort, from 1874 to 1932, was an enjoyable sidelight to my real task, and so to amuse myself I decided to document some of my own doings."

Halpern's eyes widened. "You mean you made all the strange things happen? The trees flying around, the puppies—all that?"

Fort smiled modestly. "That's right. Beautifully ironic, isn't it? That Charles Fort not only documented all sorts of bizarre phenomena, but actually *caused* them all!" Laughing, he gestured toward the controls. "I do it all with these little knobs. Flying frogs, double suns, night for day, day for night, invisibility—all the silly stuff."

"I can't believe it!" said Halpern. "Why?"

Fort's laughter ended in a sigh. "Well," he said, "I've been here a very long time. Doing a job." He yawned, then glanced behind him out of the port windows, pushing at the rudder wheel a fraction. "Not a very exciting one, I'm afraid. Let's just say my job was to start things rolling on this planet, as far as civilization was concerned, and then to—" A hint of a smile touched his lips. "—help things along, so to speak. *Not to interfere*," he added hastily, "but rather to keep you moving, evolving, keep you on your toes. We're not allowed to interfere directly,

# The Silly Stuff

you know." He smiled dreamily, fingering his lapel. "I always liked the clothes from the turn of this century best."

Halpern was getting impatient. "But why did you invent Charles Fort?"

"Boredom, Mr. Halpern. Flying around in this ship all the time, causing mischief here and there—it all gets exceedingly tiring. So I decided to live among you for a while. I made up a being named Charles Fort. Gave him birth records, a family history, everything he needed. Granted, I was bending the rules a bit. But if all I did was chronicle my own doings, I wasn't *directly* interfering, was I? And



my job at the same time—doubly so, since I was not only perpetrating all those 'unexplained phenomena,' but bringing them to your attention at the same time. As I said, beautifully ironic."

"But what's all this 'overseer' stuff? You mean to say you came here just to play tricks on us?"

Fort sighed heavily. "For better or for worse, Mr. Halpern, somebody a long time ago decided that this was the way to bring young civilizations along. The object is, quite simply, to make you *think*. To make you look at the world as a strange and beautiful place with mysteries still not fathomed—which, of course, it is." He gave the rudder another touch. "And the more you wonder about what's behind this weird, wonderful universe you live in, sooner or later you'll begin to realize that everything is rather neatly tied together—that it's all a unity. And the sooner you come to understand that unity, the sooner you can, well, join the club, so to speak. While I was Charles Fort down below I cheated a little by sneaking some of that monistic philosophy into my books. But what's a little cheating in a good cause, eh?" He smiled. "So you see, all my hijinks are really just a teaching tool." Suddenly he came over to Halpern and put his arm around his shoulder. "I bet you can't wait to get back and tell your story, eh?"

"Yes . . ." said Halpern cautiously.

"Well, you must let me show you a few of my little tricks first, and then we'll get you back to your office, safe and sound. You see, I *know* what it's like to be a newspaperman."

Once more the limpid gray pools of Fort's eyes sparkled as he led Halpern toward the back of the airship.

"I have a little confession to make," he said, smiling paternally. "You're the first human being I ever let catch me in the act. That's *really* bending the rules, isn't it? But since I'm getting you back to your office, I guess I'm not interfering all that much."

"Sure, why not?" said Halpern, suddenly buoyant, thoughts straying once again to Woodward and Bernstein. He laughed. "That really was a clever line of yours, by the way. 'I think we're all property.' Very clever."

"It was at that, wasn't it? Fort smiled.

## VIOLENT INCIDENT AT DATA TERMINAL

Albany Complex, NY (Aug. 31, 2082)—An intruder dressed in pre-Millennium clothes and claiming to be an employee of the *Albany Sun* caused minor damage at this station's mid-Complex terminal earlier today. The man, who identified himself as Nathan Halpern, stated in loud terms that he was a top *Sun* "columnist," demanded a "typewriter" (such devices have not been used at the *Sun* since it was computerized over forty years ago), and further demanded to see one Bill Greener, whom he identified as his "editor."

The lone operator at the terminal at the time of the incident, Rupert Popkin, attempted to calm the intruder down, but as Popkin stated later, the man "went into a wild fit, repeating the names Woodward and Bernstein over and over and claiming he had been kidnapped by a UFO and put into suspended animation."

According to Popkin, who suffered minor cuts and bruises, the man then became violent and had to be taken into custody by security personnel, but somehow managed to escape while en route to Albany Complex Psychiatric Center. Witnesses at the scene reported that he ran off shaking his fist at the sky and shouting, "I'll find you if it's the last thing I do!" As of this time, he remains at large.

Curiously, a check of files shows that an individual named Bill Greener did work at the *Sun* in the late twentieth century. However, no record of anyone named Nathan Halpern has been found. [E]

# Nicholas Meyer

"...and here I am-making movies!"

HAVING WRITTEN HIS WAY INTO BESTSELLERDOM  
AND HOLLYWOOD, THE NOVELIST-TURNED-DIRECTOR  
IS LOOKING FOR NEW WORLDS TO CONQUER.

Interviewer **Mark Denis Shepard** reports:

"Nicholas Meyer the director has reason to be grateful to Nicholas Meyer the writer." So wrote *Los Angeles'* leading film critic, Charles Champlin, of Meyer's romantic fantasy *Time After Time*, and his words hold a key to Meyer's career. Meyer came into movies not from film school or foundation grants, nor by making commercials nor even by turning out shock horror films for Roger Corman and the like. Rather, he showcased his talents and gained entrance into the film industry by writing novels expressly for that purpose. After graduating from the University of Iowa, he became a unit publicist on *Love Story*, an experience that formed the basis for his first book, a promotional item appropriately entitled *The Love Story Story*, which gave him the money to leave his native New York for the Coast. Says Meyer, "I made more contacts in three months in Hollywood than in four years back there."

He immediately set about writing teleplays and screenplays, most of which turned out to be false starts. Meanwhile, though, he produced two novels, a much overlooked thriller called *Target Practice*, about POWs coming home from Vietnam to find themselves involved in a grim murder pact, and the bestselling *Sherlock Holmes* pastiche *The Seven Percent Solution*, which introduced Doyle's fictional detective to the real-life Sigmund Freud and introduced Meyer's name to millions of fans.

Meyer soon mixed real life and fantasy in another project (with co-writer Anthony Wilson), *The Night That Panicked America*, a tv movie that recreated Orson Welles's 1939 Halloween broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*. After that came another *Holmes* mystery, *The West End Horror*, the suspense novel *Black Orchid* (with Barry Jay Kaplan), and a teleplay, *Judge Dee*, about the sixteenth-century Chinese detective. But it was his own adaptation of *The Seven Percent Solution* that, in the end, gave him the chance



# Nicholas Meyer

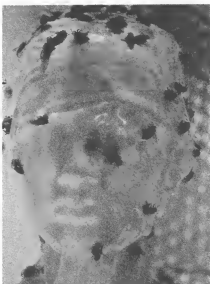
to fulfill his dream: to direct motion pictures. The screenplay's subsequent Academy Award nomination gave Meyer the clout to approach Warner Bros. with the manuscript of his friend Karl Alexander's *The Time Travellers* in the hope of helming the project. The result was Meyer's directorial debut, *Time After Time*, the critically acclaimed fantasy in which H. G. Wells chased Jack the Ripper into the present with a time machine. The film emphasized character over flashy technique—a strength badly needed by any sequel to *Star Trek*. It's no great secret that the Enterprise's first big-screen adventure was on a dry, bare, and Meyer, though offered the job of directing *Star Trek II*, was in no hurry to take it; he was more interested in working on his semi-autobiographical novel, *Confessions of a Homing Pigeon*. He changed his mind, though, after reading Harve Bennett's treatment, and when *Confessions* was hitting the bookstores he acquainted himself with Admiral Kirk, Mr. Spock, "Bones" McCoy, and the rest of the crew by screening tv episodes and the first *Star Trek* film. It was while Meyer was engaged in the exhausting two-week grind of editing his director's cut of the second film, *The Wrath of Khan*, that the following interview was conducted.

**Meyer:** This post-production schedule is insane—partly because of me, I'm sure. I don't believe in wasting any money whatsoever, but, man, I'm dizzy, having to cut this film so fast.

**TZ:** How long have you been at it?  
**Meyer:** Literally day and night. Instead of the usual six weeks one gets to cut one's film, on *Star Trek* I've had two. It's kind of a nightmare. After this interview, I'm packing up and going home to my father's, head to my old room, and sleep.

**TZ:** You're fairly new to *Star Trek* lore, this modern legend, aren't you?

**Meyer:** I came into the project with a fresh eye, if that's what you mean. William Shatner is a friend—I really like him a lot—and of course I'd caught some episodes. When Paramount was going through the usual route of choosing a director, I came to their attention not so much as the director/writer of *Time After Time*, but as a director/writer who could actually direct and write; who could sit in on story discussions with Harve Bennett [executive producer] and Jack Sowards, the men who wrote the screenplay, and Shatner and Nimoy and so forth. By the time I



"Just once she'd like to see the men get it, have it stuck to 'em." A publicity still from *Invasion of the Bee Girls* (1973), which started out to be—in Meyer's original screenplay—"a story about male castration."

was brought in, the script was very much together, and I screened some episodes—favorites of theirs, I guess—and the first *Star Trek* film.

**TZ:** What did you think of it?

**Meyer:** Believe me, I'm not knocking Robert Wise in the least—who am I?—but I think that the film was weak on story. I tend to concentrate on characters in my scripts and certainly in my books, and that's what Harve Bennett wanted. And the new script is good. Great, in fact, otherwise I sure wouldn't have gone for it. It isn't just effects—although that's what knocked me out in the first film, and Industrial Light and Magic, George Lucas's company, has given us ... well, I know it's the first film ever to have a computerized starfield. Beautiful, terrific stuff. The new *Star Trek* has effects, all right, but this time they serve the story.

**TZ:** I read that Lucas was amazed at that star-field material, and that he wondered why his guys didn't do that sort of stuff for him.

**Meyer:** They will, on his next film.

**TZ:** I've always been interested in seeing the characters of Kirk, Scotty, and Spock mature—and not just by Federation rank.

**Meyer:** That's exactly what I feel *The Wrath of Khan* is about: maturity. About growing old. My personal title for the film was *The Undiscovered Country*, which I feel addresses the film a lot more, but wasn't very exploitable. At least Paramount thought it wasn't. Nevertheless, *Khan* is about accepting certain responsibilities—

**TZ:** Rather than "Zap 'em!" technology.

**Meyer:** Exactly. It's dealing with emotions that I've been trying to deal with myself of late. Thinking about, anyway. Lots of emotions. And how Kirk and Scotty and Spock—everyone else—are first and foremost people, with backgrounds, conflicts. I really wanted to get into these characters' heads.

**TZ:** How did you deal with science?

**Meyer:** More fiction than science. I'm certain there is an audience out there that will say, "Well, you sure can't say that, or do that, in space!"

But, well, it's something akin to "Ripperologists"—there are such people—who have pointed out to me this inconsistency or that inaccuracy with my character Jack the Ripper in *Time After Time*. Kinda dull. Anyway, I'm sure scientists will be jumping down my throat. I hope I'm not offending anybody, but I'm not really into science fiction—at least not today's science fiction—very much at all. [He waves towards a huge, well-stocked bookcase.] You can count my volumes over there of Wells and Jules Verne, but even they saw science fiction and fantasy as a kind of springboard for ideas—moral issues and dilemmas of life. If you really look at *Time After Time*, above the escapist and entertainment values, it's a very depressing view of life, the way Wells sees it.

**TZ:** You mean, as in the Ripper's line in the hotel room—"I'm home!"—while watching what television has to offer.

**Meyer:** Right. Very bitter. "The world's a cosmic charnel house." Very grim. Pitting this symbol of evil, the Ripper, against a good man, Wells, is what interested me. Much the same idea—I mean, it's as old as *King Lear*—goes on between Kirk and Khan. Although I must say there are a lot of grays in all these characters.

**TZ:** Mind if I ask a nagging continuity question about *Time After Time*?

**Meyer:** Shoot.

**TZ:** Besides the mechanics of the time machine itself, which confuse me, how could the Ripper be struck by a car, be thought dead, then appear some scenes later alive and well and slaughtering?

**Meyer:** I guess I presumed too much. I figured the audience would catch on that the hospital made a mistake, but I guess not. Actually, it's the very first time anybody ever brought that up to me.

**TZ:** Sorry about that.

**Meyer:** There was the ending, which I felt never came off, though it seemed like a good idea. I wanted Jack the Ripper to be caught, literally, by time—by having his watch fob we kept showing throughout get caught on that gadget sticking out of the time machine. All this while Mary Steenburgen runs into Malcolm McDowell's arms. Just a touch. There was a foreshadowing of it when Wells, in close-up, gets his own pocket watch caught on the same damn thing. But it was my first time out—a fuck-up of mine. No matter, though. I have the feeling, on *The Wrath of Khan*, that no matter how correct the characters I've conceived out of the existing material are, of how well the scenes play in even the most spectacular moments—

**TZ:** I think you're about to refer to the infamous "Trekkie" element. Satisfaction isn't their greatest virtue. There was some talk about a fandom boycott if Nicholas Meyer dares to kill Spock.

**Meyer:** Yeah. It was a big headline in the *L.A. Times*!

**TZ:** Truth to tell, considering the last movie and much of what the television series offered, I wasn't wondering so much if Spock would die in the new film, but if at last he would come alive.

**Meyer:** [Laughs.] Very alive! Nimoy is such a dynamic actor. His heart is very much in evidence in his performance, I think. He likes Spock.

**TZ:** That should please the Trekkies. Does it please you?

**Meyer:** I didn't make the film for Trekkies, that's for certain. My function as a storyteller is to take those symbols and flesh them out.

**TZ:** How about other science fiction films? Which ones have you liked?

**Meyer:** I enjoy Steve Spielberg's work, especially *Close Encounters*.

**TZ:** I thought it was a bit obtuse.

**Meyer:** How do you mean?

**TZ:** Vague.

**Meyer:** Ah, but that's the thing, that's what made it so great—a dreamlike quality, rather than a *this* or a *that*. Films should give you that experience of being dreams. On the first *Star Trek*, we had here two hours of magnificent special effects that led up to a definite conclusion. Not a heck of a lot of mystery; that seemed to be the main story problem in the film for me.

**TZ:** It started to get very cosmic, then they explained it all away.

**Meyer:** Like when Richard Dreyfuss, in *Close Encounters*' new version or edition or whatever, got into the spaceship at the finale. I hated that. He should—we should—never have seen exactly what the inside of that thing looked like. Who needed a set to tell us it had to be fantastic?

**TZ:** True. But let's talk, now, about your breakthrough book, one which literally brought Sherlock Holmes back into literary limelight—*The Seven Percent Solution*. Had you any idea it would take off as it did?

**Meyer:** No. I wrote *The Seven Percent Solution* to please me. I never liked any of the films or anything. What I really wanted to see was a new Holmes adventure, and nothing good was coming out—past or present, I might add. I didn't think anybody would read it. I didn't think I'd amount to a hill of beans in my life, but then came, after a year of writing, this book—and all of a sudden people were saying, "Hey, Jeeze, hmmm..." Forty weeks on the best-seller list in the *New York Times*. Bang! We were awfully impressed around my mother's house, lemme tell you. Obviously, then, there were others who wanted a new Holmesian adventure; but the point is, I wrote it strictly for me. I wanted to see how it all came out. In a way I was lucky I was so dumb when I wrote it. You have to pay to use the character, and

when I was writing the thing I was making between three and four thousand a year. I didn't find out about the copyright problems until way after I started it. Had I known how difficult it would be—zip, no book.

**TZ:** Was it hard to imitate Doyle?

**Meyer:** Yes. For about a year I kept writing Victorian phrases and stuffing the scraps of paper in my pockets, so when I was stuck, I'd grab one of 'em—"He rejoined"—and use it. I'm a great admirer of Victorian prose, anyway. It wasn't like asking Micky Spillane to write the book.

**TZ:** Wasn't Universal going to make your second Holmes book, *The West End Horror*?

**Meyer:** They bought it, but I think they felt it wasn't movie material. Too episodic or something. I own the rights now.

**TZ:** Your three science fiction fantasies have been very successful films. I'm interested in how—

**Meyer:** Three? Are you counting *The Night That Panicked America* [Meyer's tv docu-drama about Orson Welles's Halloween broadcast of *The War of the Worlds*]? **TZ:** Actually, I was thinking of *Invasion of the Bee Girls*.

**Meyer:** Ah, yes! There is that. I've never seen it.

**TZ:** Roger Ebert, on a "Guilty Pleasures" episode of their *Sneak Previews* PBS show, considered it, as I do, a helluva fun movie. It has a



"I wanted to see how it all came out." Sigmund Freud (Alan Arkin) psychoanalyzes Sherlock Holmes (Nicol Williamson) in *The Seven Percent Solution* (1976), Herbert Ross's film of the Meyer bestseller.



**"There's famine, more people starving today  
than in the entire history of the human race . . .  
and here I am—making movies!"**

cult following.

**Meyer** [incredulous]: It does? Well, originally, and this is going back some, in my naïveté I was using a strange science fiction setting to tell a story—dead seriously, mind you—about male castration. Seems a woman wrote to the *New York Times* after seeing Hitchcock's *Frenzy*, and said, in effect, that just once she'd like to see the men get it, have it stuck to 'em. So from that letter, I wrote the script, called *The Honey Factor*.

**TZ**: Oddly enough, between the cheapness of the production and the camp appeal, that theme comes through.

**Meyer**: Odd is right. The script was rewritten while I was on vacation by another writer—a woman, I might add—and when I returned, the producer talked about, "Well, y'know, Nick, a script is just a blueprint and we had to make small changes and blah blah," and I nodded and said, "Sure, okay, fine, let me see." And there on the cover of *The Honey Factor* was *Invasion of the Bee Girls!* I flipped out, went to my agent, and asked that my name be taken off the movie.

**TZ**: And the Writers' Guild took off the wrong name.

**Meyer**: Uh-huh. Or somebody did. It was an introduction to the business. My agent was satisfied; he said I needed the credit. I won't tell you what I was.

**TZ**: I wanted to ask you about how the budgets for epics such as *The Wrath of Khan* are worked out, now that so many mistakes in that department have been noticed.

**Meyer**: I'm no businessman, which drives those closest to me nuts, but I can give you an idea. I'll relate it to myself. The only way to do something like *Khan*, within reason, is to cut down wherever possible. The film is comparatively cheap next to any normal film coming out of Hollywood, let alone a space epic. Now here was my agent saying, for example, \$500,000. I should get \$500,000 for my next film, and I'm saying, "I don't want \$500,000. How much did I get on the last one?" He says, "Well, you got \$250,000." So I figure I can take \$275,000, right? He says, "\$350,000—you're worth \$350,000." I say, "Gary, leave me alone, we're trying to keep the cost of the movie down, it's only the third movie I've ever

directed, I can't look somebody in the face with that price." I mean, I'm not even too sure of camera lenses yet—Harve and the effects people on *Khan* had to explain all this to me carefully, as best they could. Anyway, that won't be the end of the conversation; now I'll get a call from the head honcho, who'll tell me, "Nick, take the \$500,000—otherwise you're really hurting the film."

**TZ**: The logic escapes me.

**Meyer**: If you have \$500,000 in salary and want to go over three days in shooting, some salary can go back into the movie, something like \$50,000 a day. So I take the money, because when the shit hits the fan I can always say, "Well, all right, I'll take care of it. I've got my salary." And then everybody says, "Aw, no, c'mon, don't worry about it."

**TZ**: In other words, if you wanted another matte shot, you'd pay for it yourself.

**Meyer**: That's the theory. I offered to do that on *Khan*. I wanted another explosion, and they were fumbling around until I finally said, "Okay, how much does it cost to have this explosion?" I needed the shot; it would be good for the picture. They said, "Well, there's the stunts, there's blah blah blah . . ." "Break it down," I asked, and finally they came back with, "The whole explosion's \$10,000." Ah! "Right. It's good for this movie and I shall now make a check out for \$10,000." That's when they look at each other. "Um . . . Oh, well, we'll do it, if you feel that strongly about it . . ." [Laughter.] I'm a lousy businessman! You asked the wrong person.

**TZ**: When you were strictly a writer—on *Seven Percent Solution*—how much input did you have?

**Meyer**: As much as I could. A unique experience for a screenwriter off a novel: I was in production meetings and on the sets every single day, if and when needed. Mostly I was bugging the director, Herb Ross, about this angle or that camera setup or this acting piece of business. Actually, everyone had a lot of input; I just asserted myself more.

**TZ**: The lowest man on the totem pole is traditionally the writer.

**Meyer**: Maybe they trusted my Victorianism when it came to designing sets or costumes or . . . I remember I suggested Robert Duvall for Watson—

**TZ**: I think he was the best and most honest Watson in films.

**Meyer**: —and Bernard Herrmann for music. He died during production, but John Addison came in, and, oddly enough, had exactly the same notions, the same Viennese and Austrian themes in mind, like in the chase at the end of the film. The only thing I have against *The Seven Percent Solution* was its editing. That wonderful music helped, but it's mysterious that everything was cut in such a mannered way, every scene seemed paced the same way: slowly. That train chase and duel should have been frantic.

**TZ**: Miklos Rosza said that today's filmmakers consider music in their concept of a film as much as anything else. Was that your experience with him?

**Meyer**: God, yes! I produced the album of his music for *Time After Time*. In the liner notes I said something to the effect that I'd have killed for a composer like Rosza. He had the perfect sense of balance: the right romantic themes, strong and heavy in the exact places, light and airy in the others. All perfect. An amazing man! I come from a long line of people who know and appreciate music, which certainly is paying off. My sister, my father, my grandfather, my mother—all musicians, professional and amateur.

**TZ**: Your passion for films started when you were quite young.

**Meyer**: Look, films saved my life. *The Beggar's Opera* taught me everything I knew then about responsibility and how to live up to it. They saved my sanity, movies, when my mother was dying; gave me breathing space. Just to sit there in the dark, to deal with life . . . I used to tell myself, "People need that." And it's true, they do—on the one hand. On the other hand I think: "Who the hell is going?" And when I say, "Who the hell is going?" I don't just mean in this society, with retarded twelve-year-olds or people who just want to see *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. I'm questioning, fundamentally, whether art is useful after all today, whether it actually helps people or changes anything.

**TZ**: I confess to wondering, too. All you have to do is sit in an audience for a slasher film.

**Meyer**: Yeah. I really wonder about that. A horrible image I have is me

# Star Trek: The Great American Love Story



As everyone knows by now, the latest *Star Trek* movie, *The Wrath of Khan*, is something of a disappointment. The action is slow, the special effects only so-so, and the characterization, which ought to be its strong point, is weak and inconclusive. Yet for all that, millions will attend it, because it is, after all, not just a movie, but also the eightieth episode of *Star Trek*, a curious phenomenon of twentieth-century American culture.

Observers of the contemporary scene have commented any number of times on the continuing popularity of *Star Trek* and tried to explain it. A full thirteen years after the last tv episode was made, the series remains a regular feature on television schedules all over the country. It appears late at night after Johnny Carson, or early in the evening before the six o'clock news, or on Sunday afternoon opposite a football game. (And if you have cable tv, the show seems all too ubiquitous.) This tv fossil remains alive while a hundred others have long since been buried and forgotten. Why?

It's not the acting, which is only fair even by television standards, nor is it the dialogue, which is often predictable, and occasionally laughable ("Captain, I'm working as fast as I can"). The plots, it is true, are mildly interesting, and generally more imaginative than most of what passed for original fiction on tv in those days, but now even they are passe. Nor can its popularity be attributed to the small army of Trekkies, who have not seen a fresh episode in over a decade, for these represent only a small portion of today's audience. The vast majority are actually new viewers, people who were too young (or maybe too sophisticated) when the originals first came out. So what is the appeal? What is it that so captures the imagination?

No doubt part of the answer is nostalgia. Switch on the dial and there will be the familiar crew of the *Enterprise*, flickering images of a bygone era, frozen, like the figures on Keats's Grecian Urn, forever on their voyage through the stars, forever looking like we looked in the middle 1960s—the hairdos, the miniskirts. And, more oddly, forever sounding like we did then, still kindled perhaps with the idealism of the Kennedy

years and not yet having lost our innocence to Vietnam.

But it's more than nostalgia. *Star Trek* is also a love story, a love story that is uniquely American, and one that probably couldn't have been written anywhere else. It is not, of course, a "romantic" series in the usual sense of the word. Though it is quite true that the principal character, Captain Kirk, falls in love with a number of women in the course of his adventures, none of these liaisons ever come to anything. At the end of the hour, they kiss goodbye; Kirk beams aboard his ship and heads for his next mission. Yet there is one deep abiding love which pervades the whole series—the love between human and alien. And the most obvious example is the relationship between Kirk and Spock.

The early writers of *Star Trek* seemed to want to make of Mr. Spock, the first officer and native of the planet Vulcan, a sort of adversary for Kirk. The alien's judgment, though based on pure logic, was shown in those early episodes to be somehow inferior to human thinking, even though humans tended to be swayed by emotion. Despite this beginning, however, a curious affection grew between Kirk and Spock, and eventually their friendship became the most interesting component of the series. Moreover, Spock, contrary to his own logic (and to his original characterization), developed an emotional tie and a fierce loyalty to Kirk, which was only matched by Kirk's reciprocal feelings for him.

But the relationship between Kirk and Spock, human and alien, was only a symbol, a microcosm, of what the whole series was about. The *Enterprise* crew encountered alien life in nearly every episode, and though some of these other life forms were hostile, others were benign, and as such presented to us an object lesson, first in understanding—understanding that which is different from ourselves—and then ultimately in love. And it is this singular love for the alien, growing despite all conditioning to the contrary, which is a uniquely American characteristic.

Today, of course, while we are going through one of the most xenophobic periods of our history, it may sound silly to talk about Americans' love for

aliens. Such love as we have for Arabs (to take the most obvious example) would be best left unspoken, and our fellow feeling toward the Oriental races was amply illustrated by our Southeast Asian experience.

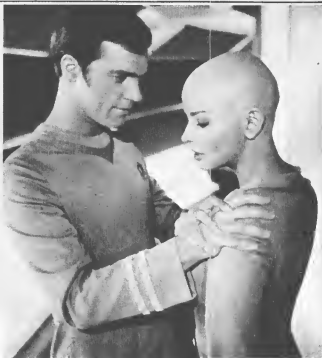
But a national characteristic is a rather elusive quantity, formed as much by fiction as by fact, and may indeed be quite contrary to the sum total of individual attitudes. If it is true that many Americans dislike unfamiliar accents, are suspicious of people with foreign names, and feel uneasy in strange neighborhoods, it is no less true that the character of the American nation as a whole is open, accepting, and gregarious.

In fact, the love of aliens as a theme of serious literature is virtually an American invention, and perhaps a product of our own varied makeup and our melting pot mythology. When Ishmael befriends the pogan cannibal Queequeg in favor of churchgoing Presbyterians, when Hawkeye prefers the company of the Indian Chingachgook to his own constrictive society, when Huck Finn chooses to go to hell rather than give up the black slave Jim for his more right-thinking white neighbors, they are all expressing a new kind of love, a love born on these shores and nourished by a fresh vision of the unity between people of vastly different backgrounds, who nevertheless see in each other a profound dignity, stature, and identity. And myth or not, this kind of acceptance and love lies at the very heart of the American character.

What *Star Trek* did with this American love story was take it a step further. First of all, it extended this love to aliens from outer space, "the final frontier." Science fiction movies from the 1950s almost invariably pictured space as a source of danger, a realm filled with strange, evil beings bent only on malice, but there were some rare exceptions. Such groundbreaking films as *The Day the Earth Stood Still* and *It Came from Outer Space* began to show aliens as friendly and peace-loving—indeed, more friendly and peace-loving than ourselves. Taking its cue from these examples, *Star Trek* proposed a future Earth, united, at peace, and venturing into the stars, not out of any lust for conquest, but rather out of a most human curiosity, and with the prime directive to contact alien cultures but never meddle with them. Only a society with an innate respect and appreciation for that which is different would ever issue such a directive.

But *Star Trek* didn't stop there; it had one more uniquely American love story to tell. Anyone who has seen even a few episodes of the series knows that there existed an almost consuming passion between Captain Kirk and his ship, the *Enterprise*. *Star Trek* embodies that other peculiar American love, a love which is perhaps difficult for a European to understand, but which Americans feel in their bones—the love of the machine.

Of course that this love exists is a commonplace, and many have noted whimsically or satirically our stormy love affair with the automobile. But can one really love inanimate objects? Experience suggests that one can. From teddy bears to old hotels, we are all guilty, on occasion, of lavishing our



"The love of aliens": Human and Deitan in *Star Trek I*.

love on something that is not alive. But we discriminate. A rock, for instance, is not alive, and under ordinary circumstances would never be an object of love, but carve the rock into a figure, or pile one rock upon another until you have a cathedral, and then suddenly something exists which is more than a collection of inanimate objects. The cathedral, the carving, or any other product of human creation, though not alive in itself, takes on a kind of life from those who fashioned it, and then may indeed become an object of love. The *Enterprise* is just such a creation.

In the first *Star Trek* movie, we were treated to a full three and a half minutes of dialogue-free footage showing Kirk being ferried to the *Enterprise* after an eight-year absence. The camera lovingly caressed each angle and contour of the ship, and in Kirk's eyes we could see a thousand memories being called up. After viewing this scene, many critics complained like Polonius that "this is too long," and so perhaps it was. Yet it was appropriate insofar as it tried to take the human love for the machine seriously.

What is it that Kirk loves about the *Enterprise*? The steel that makes up the hull? The lithium crystals that power the engines? The viewing screen through which he sees the stars? No. What he loves, I think, in this human-created object is the human intelligence, ingenuity, and imagination it represents, the human achievement it embodies, the ten thousand years of accumulated pain, tragedy, triumph, and grandeur that lie behind it.

Indeed, perhaps this love for the machine is really just a form of species love, a love for our own kind, for all its failures and glories in the past and all its aspirations for the future. If this is so, then *Star Trek* has covered the whole gamut: a love for the alien that sponges space, and a love for ourselves that sponges time. The *Enterprise*, after all, is what we could achieve as a race if we gave up forever our xenophobia, our suicidal fear of each other. The *Enterprise* would be our proof to the stars that our species had not lived in vain.

—Richard Matturro

standing in some muddy area in the middle of the night yelling "Action!" and the film turn out to be a tv movie about frogs or something stupid.

**TZ:** I gather you don't like *The Night That Panicked America*, then?

**Meyer:** It was a tv film, like *Judge Dee* was, and I liked parts of it. Frankly, it was the material I didn't write that I liked. Anthony Wilson, the other writer, did a much better job than I. Television, it's just too quick and so awful—so, so awful... I look around at the roof over my head and I'm glad I don't have to do that for a living.

**TZ:** You can always write another book if they foreclose.

**Meyer:** Yes, but nobody's reading. Many that are seem quite happy to put labels on me: an "entertainment" writer, or a "clever" filmmaker. I hate that. I can't tell you how much I hate that, to just be "clever." It's a cliché but true that entertainment has been taking a terrific beating over the decades by critics, who don't seem to see that, as in science fiction, one can say some pretty damned important things under its guise. And then again, one might not. Along with the other labels that have been stuck on me, "entertainment filmmaker" is yet another. Anyhow, the book business is in terrible shape. The rate of illiteracy—thanks to tv, I might add—is so much on the rise that the average person in this country can barely say his name, let alone speak English. It's really discouraging for a writer. I see the collapse of American education, I see people writhing in such atypical ignorance as to who they are and where they're coming from and what they're all about that they barely know the nearest cross-street to their homes. All they know is what's on tv.

**TZ:** You've obviously been thinking about your success in terms of the book business dying, your audience, your films—

**Meyer:** People say to me, "Gee, you made it when you were twenty-seven. What now?" Good question. I'm now thirty-six years old, looking about, trying to understand what meaning my life as a writer or director is providing me with. You start off about—How old are you?

**TZ:** Twenty-nine.

**Meyer:** Okay, twenty-nine. You have a set of ambitions or goals. Maybe you know what they are, or maybe



H. G. Wells (Malcolm McDowell) encounters modern times and the modern American woman (Mary Steenburgen) in *Time After Time* (1979), Meyer's first directorial effort. "It was a rewarding, pleasant experience..."

you're still searching for them. It's like, somebody throws you off the Empire State Building when you're born, and your life is going down to the pavement, so in the end you go splat. My consciously defined goal, when I was thirteen, was I wanted to direct movies, and I pursued that with real single-minded purpose. A kind of unconscious goal, one I never really thought about, was writing; it was something I *always* did. Okay. Implicit in that notion is: if I achieve my goal, life will have meaning for me and I'll be happy. And success! The biggest thing we all believe is that success is going to solve all the miseries and problems in your personal life—"If only I were a movie star, or cornered the stock market, or whatever, everything would be just hunky-dory." But what one learns, when you become successful, is that the opposite is true. Your personal problems may *not* be solved. They may be thrown into sharper, ironic relief, so you suddenly get young people committing suicide or overdosing on cocaine at a Hollywood hotel—people who seemed to have everything going for them—and you say, "Huh?" You say, "God, I don't understand!" I'm trying to keep some objectivity in my own life.

**TZ:** Well, what if your audience was only five people down in the inner city? Would that make some huge difference to you as a writer, other than the obvious fact a writer likes to be read?

**Meyer:** It matters to me when I see people are starving. I ask myself, "Can I justify *Star Trek* or any of my other work by saying, 'It's important that those five people have their souls,



... even if the time machine fell apart after every shot." Above, director Meyer prepares to launch Wells into the future in a vehicle that looks as if it's been lifted from a Victorian amusement park.

nourished, even if billions don't have enough to eat tonight?" I wish I knew. These mornings, for the past year, I've been afflicted with doubts—about films, books. And the thing is, I don't think I'm fit for anything else. I knew this was what I was fit for when I was a kid making an eight-millimeter film of *Around the World in Eighty Days*—like some kids know that what they're fit for is to be a priest. I'm a storyteller. That's my job. But while I used to tell myself that being a storyteller, in films and in books, is a good job, a fine job, an important job, now I look about me and just wonder if anyone cares about seeing it well done. I see movies that are so badly made, all of which make a fortune. And that proves you don't even have to do it *right*! So what am I busting my ass for?

**TZ:** The long run, perhaps?

**Meyer:** Absolutely true: the time



Meyer directs William Shatner in this year's *Star Trek II: The Wrath of Khan*. Says Meyer: "I didn't make the film for Trekkies."

factor. The ultimate critic is time, and maybe, hopefully, lousy movies will fall by the wayside in years to come. And maybe people will, in fact, go back to *Star Trek's* adventure or *Time After Time* and say, "My God, a classic!"—which, in the case of *Time After Time*, somewhere in my heart of hearts, is what I think it is, albeit flawed. But at least it was about something. It wasn't just about, y'know, imitating Hitchcock, which is already an imitation of an imitation, because his premise was the imitation of life.

**TZ:** The story *Time After Time* came from Steve Hayes and a friend of yours.

**Meyer:** From the University of Iowa, yeah. I was years through with their writers' program, and Karl Alexander liked the book *The Seven Percent Solution* and sent me his novel *The Time Travelers*. I took it to Herb Jaffe, the producer, who went to Warner and Orion Pictures, and the deal made was fantastic: I got to write the screenplay and direct; Karl got published by Warner; the film made money. That project couldn't have come at a better time, as I was wandering a bit, doing a little this, a little that.

**TZ:** You wrote to take up those slack periods—writers' strikes and all.

**Meyer:** That certainly was the case following *Time After Time*. If I'd just wanted to direct anything, I could have been doing that a lot. But I had my own notions. I wrote a couple of screenplays—one of them was *Crowned Heads*—which I believed in and which fell through, and *Confessions of a Homing Pigeon*—that was really just something I wanted to do, rather than some of the offers coming in. I'd just as soon sit home and do the crossword puzzle as write tv junk. I knew *Confessions* wasn't going to be a bestseller or anything.

**TZ:** How important is that to you,

this bestseller business? Does it matter?

**Meyer:** No. Yes. Lemme tell you, it's very seductive: that huge revival of Sherlock Holmes, forty weeks on the *New York Times* list... The glamor is incredible. And I'm susceptible to the glamor, no question about it. I'm just worried that writing a bestseller or being a film director is not terribly important. It's a lot of fun. Pays well. You get laid a lot. But privately, y'know, I'm troubled. My greatest problem as I grow up is wondering about that: what should I be doing about resolving stuff I've been avoiding while I've been striving and striving to get that film done? "Sorry, can't deal with that now, gotta get to the top, blah blah blah." In the meantime, the whole world is coming to an end, with the collapse of society and education, the spoiling of our environment, Third World countries are going down the tubes—even countries we didn't think of as Third World, like Poland. There's famine, more people starving today than in the entire history of the human race, the earth a fucking dung heap, and here I am—making movies! So I'm telling you, when a project comes along, it damn well better consume me. It takes just as much energy to make a lousy movie as it does to make a good one. That being the case, I only plan on expending my energy on something I have reasonable expectations of being nothing less than sensational.

**TZ:** What did you do before you started writing?

**Meyer:** Oh, all the stuff, man. I was a waiter, I was a publicist on *Love Story*, I—Or worse, the worst, nine to five in a fucking office. Y'know, "Hi, Gladys, a cup of coffee." Deadly. Necessary, but there's no moral imperative I have to do that business either, because I don't think I'm helping anybody by doing it. Given who I am, given the intelligence I have,

given what my resources are, what ought I to be doing?

**TZ:** This seems to be a question running throughout this interview.

**Meyer:** Well, because you see, I'm now halfway between the meaning of that hundred-and-second floor of the Empire State Building and the pavement, more or less. And when I finally go *splat* I want to think, "Well, I did something." And look, I know I have, don't misunderstand. I've made a lot of people happy, and that's what the reward is for being a director or a writer. That means more to me than anything. Like I said, personally, if it were not for art, I wouldn't be here talking to you. I would have committed suicide a long time ago.

**TZ:** Who saved your life?

**Meyer:** Who? George Frederick Handel saved my life. Maurice Ravel saved my life. Jules Verne, Charles Dickens, Mark Twain, the movies—just saved me, man, all of them. Made me want to stick around to find out how it all comes out. So, I figure, if I could do that for one person, that would be a great thing. But of course, now that I've done that for at least one person, probably, I've got to find out: what else? What now?

**TZ:** Given the insanity of the film business, how do you keep your own?

**Meyer:** There's a great line from my favorite movie, *Children of Paradise*: "Don't look in the past; it'll jump in your face like a wildcat." I have to consider, in coming off a film, what it has done to my head. All things considered, *Time After Time* was a rewarding, pleasant experience—very easy, even if the time machine fell apart after every shot. *Khan* was horrendous in terms of schedule. Worth it, but any more of its various problems and logistics and I'd never even contemplate doing it again. Right now, I'm exhausted. So one of the main things I do to keep my sanity is not jump from picture to picture, as my friend Herb Ross does. He goes from one to the other, and I think—and I told him this—that there's some deep-seated anxiety on his part about what will happen to him, in his head, if he stops working long enough. Joseph Conrad once wrote, "Action is the enemy of thought"—which means that, while you're keeping busy, you can't worry about the cells in your body growing old or what life is about. But that's the interesting part. **W**



As both a writer and director, Meyer (top left) has worked with more than his share of archetypal figures both fictional and real, from the cerebral cool of Mr. Spock or Sherlock Holmes (played by Nicol Williamson, above, with Robert Duvall as Watson and Alan Arkin as Freud in *The Seven Percent Solution*) to the malign cunning of Jack the Ripper (played by David Warner, at left, in *Time After Time*). "Pitting this symbol of evil against a good man is what interested me," he says. The good man in this case is novelist and utopian thinker H.G. Wells (played by Malcolm McDowell, bottom right and below, with Mary Steenburgen). Meyer himself—below left, on location in San Francisco—thinks of *Time* as "a classic . . . albeit flawed."



*"Actually, everyone had a lot of input. I just asserted myself more."*





Spock (Leonard Nimoy) tried meditation in *Star Trek I*, undergoing rigorous philosophical training on his home planet, but the Vulcan's heart just wasn't in it.



Two newcomers—Persis Khambatta as Ilia, a highly sexed skinhead from Delta, and Stephen Collins as her lover, Commander Decker—joined Kirk (William Shatner) and Sulu (George Takei) on the *Enterprise*. Directed by Robert Wise, the film pitted Spock, Decker, Kirk, and McCoy (DeForest Kelley) against V'ger (below), an all-powerful computer in search of its creator.



Though merely a six-foot model, the *Enterprise* on screen looks well equipped to explore the final frontier. Inset above: the pod from *Star Trek I*.



In *Star Trek II*, directed by Nicholas Meyer, a granny-glassed Kirk and aging Spock share the bridge with the beautiful Vulcan-Romulan hybrid, Lt. Saavik (Kirstie Alley).



A wrathful Khan (Ricardo Montalban) threatens officers Chekov (Walter Koenig) and Terrell (Paul Winfield), then prepares two small nasties—the larvae of a creature called the "Ceti eel" (below)—to bore into their brains.







From the book *In Ruins: The Once Great Houses of Ireland*, Photographs by Simon Marsden, edited and with text by Duncan McLaren. Copyright © 1980 by Duncan McLaren. Photographs copyright © 1980 by Simon Marsden. Reprinted by permission of Alfred A. Knopf, Inc.

*I came on a great house in the middle of the night,  
Its open lighted doorway and its windows all alight,  
And all my friends were there and made me welcome too;  
But I woke in an old ruin that the winds howled through;  
And when I pay attention I must out and walk  
Among the dogs and horses that understand my talk.*

*O what of that, O what of that,  
What is there left to say?*

FROM "THE CURSE OF CROMWELL," W. B. YEATS

# Broken Walls, Shattered Dreams

*Magnificent even in death,  
these ruined Irish mansions  
are now haunted by  
ghosts . . . and by history.*

Photographs by  
Simon Marsden

Text by Duncan McLaren

**B**elview House (at left, above), Lawrencetown, County Galway. Built in the nineteenth century; burnt in 1922 during the Troubles. The Belview Eyecatcher, built by the Lawrences of Lancashire, who came to Ireland in 1571. Nothing remains of the house, just an arch built in memory of the Irish Volunteers—who either volunteered or were shot—and this folly, standing alone in the ravaged parkland. Below, Castleboro House, near Enniscorthy, County Wexford. Built in 1840; burnt in 1923 during the Troubles. The summer house of the great Carew family. It was used only for a few weeks in any one year.

**W**hat is it that people feel now when they think of Ireland? Swirling mists, mountains, shamrock, and tales of magic, conquering armies of England from Edward I to Cromwell, and troubles through to Churchill and on. Loyalty, politics, and progress; or is it sadness, death, fever, and starvation? For me it is the combination of all these things, for however cruel its beauty, the island draws, like a spell. It is a tough, hard land that takes and takes again, and gives a mixture of beauty, cruelty, unsurpassing grandness of spirit, and the determination to survive.

Ireland's often tragic and troubled history together with its deep religious and mythological beliefs have combined to produce an atmosphere of remoteness and unreality amongst its people and their environment. This fatalistic emotion is somehow enhanced by the many decaying ruins that permeate the countryside. Many of these houses were built by all-powerful landlords, who in turn employed some of the finest architects of their age. Some were the principal seats of great families; others, used only as "summer retreats," were scarcely visited. The reasons for their demise are many: Cromwell, civil wars, famine, land acts, and bankruptcy. Now time has turned full circle and they remain merely as symbols of authority and supposition.

The locations in the book cover a wide spectrum of architecture, from castles and fortified houses to abbeys and great Gothic and Palladian mansions—each in its own way resigned to an inevitable destiny. Their architectural merits have been well covered in other works. We are more interested in restoring them to their former lives.



**B**allynatray House, near Glendine, County Waterford. Built in 1795-97, presently under restoration. *Penelope Smyth left this enchantment for the love of Prince Capua, brother of King Ferdinand II of the Sicilies. During the troubled times, her great niece held the house in safety while her husband took his hounds for sport in England.*

I first visited Ireland in the summer of 1959. I was then fifteen. It was a very hot summer, and we went as a family to Cork, then up to Connemara to stay at a fishing hotel once belonging to the Maharaja of Navanagar, an area north of Bombay. The water was very low and there were no fish. We stayed in a strange Georgian house that had been Victorianized, not very well. Afterwards we passed the castle of Lismore, the Irish seat of the Duke of Devonshire, one of the best landlords of Ireland. Everywhere there were ruined castles, lakes, and the purple hills of the West. From then on for me there were few years that did not include Ireland, with all the interest of new associations and the amusement of the races, dances, and hangovers.

After a bad car accident over a weekend that included the Irish Derby, I spent more time there than usual, and during a stay a year or so later near Kilmallock, County Limerick, Mrs. Dermot McCalmont told me the story of "I doubt it," said Croker." A year or so later, as I was working in Ireland, I passed the strange gaunt ruins of the Croker properties and became more and more intrigued by the leftover ruins of another age. What other stories did they tell? Who had lived there? And why had they been abandoned?

In London I met by chance Simon Marsden, whose photographs revealed these gaunt and very



romantic remains the way I had always wanted to see them. In his photographs I saw a special tragedy, a silence, a largeness of feeling equal to the magic of the ruins and to the people whose lives were so closely intertwined in their mystery.

Yet when asked, most Irish were simply not interested in the old buildings; they were just "them old stones." It was hard to extract information from anyone, even the elderly, for the young did not know. Indifference was the basic horror. Even when a castle like Castlestrange was in their farmyard, the owners knew nothing of its name or past. It was just bricks and mortar, something in the way, something from their grandparents—from the troubled times or a tragedy before then—from the time when poverty was the single most important factor in their ancestors' lives. So it's not surprising that no one wanted these walls of memories around. The sooner they go, the better. And they will go. Nature, vandalism, town councils' neglect, and just indifference will erode them forever.

I wanted to reverse that and to capture these structures. The stories—now mostly hearsay—of these houses and of the people who lived in them explain many centuries.

Ireland's beauty has been called tragic, more so, I think, than that of almost any other country in Europe. So restless, headstrong, and ideological is

**A**rdtry House, near Oranmore, County Galway. Built in 1770; dismantled in the 1930s. During the Troubles, the people of Galway town carried off the house's contents until very little remained. Some silver was later found in the wood, and the grand piano was retrieved from the barber's shop and brought home. Family papers were rescued, including a receipt dated 1068 for one cow. Then the second Lady Wallscourt gambled away all that remained, until in desperation she sold the roof of lead to pay for Monte Carlo. Finally, while visiting her lawyer, she died trying to raise yet more money with which to turn the dice.



**T**he Great Hall, Dunboy Castle, near Castletownberehaven, County Cork. Built in 1866; burnt in 1921 during the Troubles. They brought the workmen from Italy to complete the magic for Copper John's marble halls.

**C**onnolly's Folly, near Celbridge, County Kildare. Built in 1740. Arches of light lead to the view of the greatest Palladian house in Ireland. This folly was built in memory of Speaker Connolly by his widow.

the race that nothing of the Eire past or future will ever be anything but unresolved.

*So much time involved  
So little time in thought,  
For what might have been saved  
For what could have been preserved  
Who knows the cost?  
Who kept the tally?*

And so, for various reasons, a house is abandoned or burnt down and the inhabitants move away. The land is taken over, as often as not by the farm bailiffs of the old owners, as in the case of Wilton Castle where they live in the stable block of the great house. The parks have been ploughed up, gardens have disappeared, and the prime trees felled for sale. Often the shell of the house remains, surrounded by a barbed wire fence to keep away the likes of Simon and myself—or to

keep in cows and sheep. Signs say: "Beware of Dogs," "Bulls," or just the name of the owners, looming large.

Council houses encroach and take over; Kenure Park disappears under them. Leap Castle is bought by an Australian, a relation of the original family, but its condition doesn't change. Frenchpark House was torn down in 1953 because the taxes could not be paid.

But a fortunate few—the grounds of Woodstock, the St. Leger House in Doneraile, the Ballynatray House near Glendine (see page 62)—are saved. Portumna stands majestic again, if roofless. Others, like Castle Lyons, glare defiantly at their noisy neighbors; a garage extends across the courtyard.

Here, then, are just a few of their stories and their images. These castles, mansions, houses—their past is Ireland, a privileged world. Their future is perhaps for the restorers, the bulldozers ... or to just indifference.



**C**astle Bernard, near Bandon, County Cork. Originally built in the sixteenth century; remodeled in 1815. Burnt in 1921 during the Troubles. *Down these stairs came the Countess of Bandon to join her house party for dinner.*



**M**enlough Castle Gates, near Galway, County Galway. Built in the seventeenth century; burnt in 1910. *The gates of Menlough, through which passed the guests riding to the receptions of Sir John Blake, M.P., the spendthrift. It is said that Sir John set forth from the small dock and remained adrift while furious creditors waited in vain on the lawns of the house. After his death his heirs remained, if in slightly reduced circumstances, until an accidental fire brought death to a daughter and finished their reign of eccentricity at Menlough forever.*



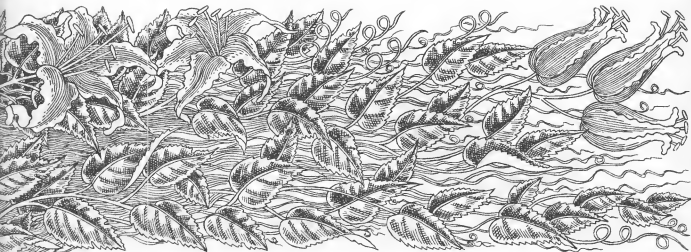
**W**aterston House, near Athlone, County Westmeath. Built in 1749; abandoned in 1921 and sold to the land commissioner by the agent. It is said that there were many skulls found in the lake after rumors of killings had circulated for years. Blindness, drink, and poverty forced the last of the Harris-Temple family to abandon their heritage in 1921.





**D**anganbrack Tower, near Quin, County Clare. Built in the thirteenth century; destroyed in 1640 by Cromwell's troops. Known as the "ill-fated tower of Mahon Macchuin," from where Cromwell's murderous troops spent time to eat and drink before the night sacking of Quin Abbey. A woman was sent from this tower to warn Commander Hugh O'Neill during the siege of Limerick. She died in the beleaguered city.





# In a Green Shade

by Melissa Mia Hall

THE LOVE ANDREW OFFERED WAS NOT THE ORDINARY SORT –  
BUT THEN, HE WAS A FAR-FROM-ORDINARY MAN.

"No white nor red was ever seen  
So amorous as this lovely green."

—Andrew Marvell

"Verde, verda, te quiero verde. . ."

—García Lorca

I had often stood on the corner a block down from his house, biting my lip and trying to convince myself that I did not want to see his garden. This lasted about a year before I finally met him. The neighborhood stories cast him in the role of a hermit who adored his garden and little else. No one ever came to see him. Maybe a few, driving up in black taxi cabs and leaving after brief visits. I don't think he had many friends. He got a lot of mail, though. The first time I ever saw him away from the house was at the post office. I was sitting on my bicycle, not a ten-speed, but the old-fashioned kind. That spring I had taken to riding it around, determined to lose ten pounds.

Watching through the plate-glass window, I saw him. I had already posted my letter to Aunt Elizabeth. I had no reason to stay, but he had such a load of mail that I thought I should help him. I put down the kick stand and nervously adjusted my belt. He was coming toward the door. I lunged for it, pulling it open in a frenzy. He was pleased by that. It was unexpected.

"May I help?"

His smile faded. "No, thanks, I can manage."

He had heavy black eyebrows, and he was very tan. All that time in the garden. I'd also heard he had a small swimming pool in which he swam naked. Except no one had ever seen him do it. His hair was longer than I had expected; up close you could see a few white hairs. His eyes were so black as to be almost unnatural, if that was possible. It was like looking into deep shadow. He also looked sad, like someone was perpetually wounding him. I blushed and he smiled again. Time was frozen, but a lady was trying to get into the post office and we had to move.

"Please let me help you."

"All right," he said, and I helped lug the mail bag to his car. It was a small red sports car. I felt a shoot of envy.

"My name is Eloise Hopkins," I said quickly. "I live down the street from you."

"Yeah."

"You know me?" I stood on the passenger side. The mail bag had been loaded, and he was taking out his keys.

"And I'm Andrew Englewood."

I nodded my head.

"I've seen you."

"I've always wanted to meet you," I said suddenly, wishing I hadn't. It made me feel even younger than my sixteen years, oh, so much horribly younger. And he was thirty-five, unmarried, frightening and irresistible.

"Why?" His smile was wide and his teeth

# In a Green Shade

extra white against that tan and his black beard. He was Jewish or Italian or something romantically alien to my Anglo-Protestant whiteness.

"I dunno."

"That's nice. Thanks, Eloise." He paused, his hands spread out on the top of that red car, as if uncertain of what to say, but certain he had to so that I would go away. "Can I drop you anywhere?"

I glanced back over my shoulder. "I've got my bike, but thanks anyway, Mr. Englewood." I hated my bike at that moment more than anything I'd ever hated before.

"Call me Andrew."

"Thanks, Andrew." His first name was exquisite on my tongue. Like chocolate chip ice cream. I blushed again, more fiercely. My crotch felt hot like it did when I watched a Robert Redford movie all by myself.

He got into his car and started the motor. I walked off, the wind pulling at my plain brown braids, tearing the bottom plaits loose.

Mother would have shouted if she'd known what I'd done. She didn't think much of Mr. Englewood. Around that time she used to refer to him as "the hedonist" or "plant freak" or just plain "weirdo." She said nobody should have as many plants as he did. She said he was weird because he didn't have a nine-to-five job, and if he did have a job, no one had figured out what it was. As for hedonist, when I asked her what that meant, she just shook her head and sighed.

I made it into the garden, I guess it was, several months later. Midsummer. All the kids I hung around with were going crazy in the heat. And doing some talking about the purported swimming pool. Then Lew Wayne took a dare and almost climbed over a fence. Mr. Englewood saw him, came over, and invited Lew and the rest of us in for a swim.

He was in a blue bathing suit and his bare chest glistened with shiny black hair. Everyone went to get their suits, and around thirty minutes later we were all back at Mr. Englewood's, some of us a little scared.

We entered the garden through the side gate—Lew, me, Randy, Jane, Corinne, Harold, and Bob.

It was a paradise. That sounds a bit ridiculous, but it was. Every sort of tropical plant, and more domestic types, flourished there in a wild yet meaningful pattern that conspired to confuse the eye so you couldn't tell where it ended. The swimming pool was almost hidden by the foliage. He led us to it, as if it were a sacrament.

"Have fun," Andrew said—I still have a time not referring to him as Mr. Englewood—and he left us. Everyone acted glad that he had, but I wasn't at all. I wanted him to see me in my bathing suit, the pink one Aunt Elizabeth had bought for me in Bloomingdale's in New York. I took off my terry

cover-up and tried to laugh at Harold's antics in the water. But I was already thinking up ways to linger behind when it came time to leave. I would leave my sandals behind. My cover-up? Too obvious. But I would think of something.

Everyone was so noisy, each one trying to outdo the other with extravagant praises of Andrew. I knew now most of the legends would disperse. Reports would go back to parents and he'd be invited to community gatherings, solicited for fund raisings.

"What does he do?" Jane said, splashing my face.

"How should I know?" I said, pushing away from her.

Bob, overhearing us, grabbed Jane's arms. "Nothing, why should he, he's independently wealthy. Stocks or something."

"He gets a lot of mail," I said, floating on my back, the turquoise sky pushing down, brilliant and insistent. My senses were aflame. My nipples were hard. For the moment, I didn't care if Lew made an obscene remark. The sun was hot. I arched my back, and before I moved I saw the tip of his head. I moved quickly and stood up, hiding my body in the water.

"Cokes?" Andrew had brought out a tray of drinks. He had on a striped robe that hung loose.

I think it was a cue—drink cokes and leave, please. Everyone was hurtling out of the water, chattering and laughing. We'd been there about two hours. How the time had flown, I couldn't have guessed. Maybe time just stood still in the garden. It had for me.

The others seemed eager to go. Jane and Bob were going to the movie and were afraid of missing it. Harold had to go to his grandmother's house for dinner. That left Lew, Corinne, Randy, and me. Randy was supposed to take me skating. God knew what Corinne and Lew were going to do. Rumors were that Lew and Corinne had "made it" four or five times since April. I was sort of jealous. Randy had kissed me once. I hadn't liked the way he slobbered and wiggled his tongue around in my mouth. I couldn't figure out why Lew and Corinne would want to do that and more.

We left right after we finished the cokes. We thanked him profusely, and I left my garnet ring very easily. Nobody noticed. Andrew latched the gate behind us, and we'd gotten almost to my house when I told them to go on without me, that I'd forgotten something at Englewood's. Randy wanted to go with me, but I told him to go on and come back to my house at eight o'clock.

I ran back to his house and went around to the side gate, hoping he was still in the garden.

"Mr. Englewood—Andrew?" I called too softly. I tried again more loudly, my heart beating hard against my chest. I felt like he'd never come, but he

did, his eyebrows arched in surprise.

"Eloise? What is it?"

"I forgot something."

He acted suspicious, as if he was unwilling for me to come back in.

"What did you forget?"

"My ring." I put my hand on the gate. It had to work. I had to get back into that garden. "It will just take a minute."

His brows straightened. "Sure, come on in."

"I take it off when I swim." I went over to where I'd left it. It was gone.

"I can't find it." My voice was high. I wouldn't cry—

"Has to be here someplace." He squatted down on the pavement surrounding the pool and started searching dutifully. I followed his lead, but after awhile it was obvious it had disappeared. I was furious, thinking one of the group had picked it up without telling me. Probably Harold or Randy.

"Maybe it fell into the pool."

That was possible. I stared into the water apprehensively. "Maybe it's in the morning."

"I'll check into it in the morning."

Something in the way he said "morning" disturbed me. I looked up. Stars glanced down at me gleefully.

"What time is it?" I said, my mouth turned into cotton. His face was obscured by the frond of a fern.

"Nine-thirty."

It couldn't be. Four hours couldn't have passed.

"Are your parents home, Eloise? Shall I call them?" He caressed the fern and smiled at me.

"No, they're gone for the weekend," I said before I thought.

"Would you like to stay for dinner? I'd like the company."

"I'm not dressed." I touched my suit under the terry. It was still wet. I couldn't understand how that could be, if it had really been four hours since I'd been in the water. "I guess I could go home and change right quick."

"Listen, you don't have to do that. I have a marvelous Mexican shift you can put on. One of my guests left it here some years ago, and I doubt she'll ever reclaim it."

I nodded my head, shaking away the little uncertainties—if my mom found out she would scream—if—if—but to go inside this house, finally, what a blessed event.

Naturally there were plants inside, many pictures, sculptures, and books. We even passed a room that was a library. A desk was situated in the center, cluttered with papers and folders.

"I have a dish I've been wanting to try on someone."

"Great." I shivered.

*I wanted to close the door,  
but there was no door  
to close. So as soon  
as he was out of sight,  
I began pulling off  
my stuff . . . Suddenly  
he was there, watching.*

"Cold?"

"Yeah, sort of."

"The shift's in my bedroom. Come, I'll show you the way."

I wondered if he was going to seduce me.

His bedroom was Spartan. I waited at the door. He found the shift and brought it to me.

"Change in here; I'll be in the kitchen."

I wanted to close the door, but there was no door to close. So as soon as he was out of sight, I began pulling off my stuff with fingers that unfortunately fumbled. I cursed under my breath, and suddenly he was there, watching. My clammy suit was down around my knees; my cover-up was off to the side. I was naked. He just stared at me peculiarly.

"How old are you, Eloise?"

He was so calm. I pretended that I was. "I'll be seventeen in August."

"I see, a tender young sapling—" He turned and walked away.

I pulled on the shift after kicking away the terrible pink suit. I sat on the bed, shaking. Did that mean he did not want me?

**T**he dinner was excellent. It was an Oriental dish with shrimp and small vegetables. He even served me a little wine, which was exciting, and we talked about my school, what kind of college I wanted to attend. He talked about the garden and his troubles with soil and fertilizer, his plans for a cacti display in the front of the house. I asked him what he did for a living, and he just said "Live," and I knew he didn't want to talk about it.

He avoided mentioning my earlier nakedness. I thought that meant he was trying to forget how repellent my body was, unclothed. I knew my waist was thick, and there was that too-wide space between my thighs. My feet were awfully big as well.

The wine glass was empty.

"Time you headed home. It's after midnight."

"Let me stay," I said, too pleadingly.

"That wouldn't do. Your parents wouldn't approve. You're too young."

"I am not. I promise I won't tell. I promise. Please?"

"Why?" He seemed genuinely puzzled by my desire.

"I like it here. It's neat. We could camp out in

# In a Green Shade

the garden. It'd be fun."

His forehead had wrinkled when I'd asked to stay. Now it was smooth again. I had removed something, a threat. He wouldn't have to make love to me.

So we camped out in the garden and he told me stories about different plants, the names he'd given some (Angela, Sissy, Gertrude). He also talked about where they had originated, some of their traits. He even had a few carnivorous plants. He told me if I was bad, he'd feed me to the giant venus flytrap called Gloria that he kept in the basement. But the house didn't have a basement or a flytrap.

He also told me how he loved trees that bloom—magnolias, crepe myrtles, tulip trees. He said they were women with flowers in their hair. That started me to laughing, so he plucked a carmine rose and stuck it in my hair and said, "See, you're a tree, too."

It was still in my hair when I fell asleep.

That fall was the start of my senior year, and it was hectic. I didn't see much of Andrew Englewood—once at the supermarket on Elm Street and a couple of times in front of his house. One time, around Christmas, I visited with him for a few hours. He was distant, told me he was worried about a relative.

After New Year's I ran into him at the post office. That's when he told me he was going East for a few months. He asked me if I would look after his garden while he was gone. It would be a responsibility—would I stop in for instructions on Saturday? I agreed, knowing my parents would gripe, but I really wanted to do it.

Saturday he took me around the garden, pointing out several problem plants and explaining to me what I was to do if they got looking a certain way. Then we went inside, and he gave me a notebook with additional instructions. I was amused by his grave air and teased him about it, but he dismissed my grins with a stern frown. I asked him if he wanted to talk about anything.

"No, Eloise, just take care of my plants, especially the oleander at the back. She's been giving me such a problem, stubborn, willful thing. I'm afraid she wants to die. Now, I will pay you for doing this."

"Oh, no, please, I want to do this."

"I'll give you a plant, then, when I get back. Any one you want."

"Okay." He was making me feel shy again. Not since that late-night dinner and our campout had he really talked to me. But at least he trusted me. I held the keys he had given me tightly.

"When will you be back?"

"I'll call you. And there's this woman you can call who'll take over for you if you get too busy." He handed me a slip of paper with the name "Helen

Brown" written on it, an address and phone number.

"A close friend of yours?"

He glanced at me, startled.

"My ex-wife."

"Oh."

"Any more questions?"

"No."

"Sure your mom or your dad doesn't mind you doing this for me?"

Mom had stopped calling him a hedonist. Now she called him a rich old toot. Daddy never called him anything. Daddy was hardly ever home. He was always busy, too busy to be bothered with the neighbors.

"No, they don't care."

He was gone a long time. I took to spending hours at his house and in the garden. It rained a lot and there wasn't much to do. But I liked to sit in his chairs, and I spent many a day walking through the garden and through the house, touching various objects like they were talismans. He had so many strange things—expensive gadgets, rare books, even original paintings. In the den hung a Rousseau pairtning—one of those jungle pictures, dark, devouring.

It was the den, in fact, where I found the photo album with pictures of that Helen woman and a bunch of other people. Most of the photos were black and white and pretty old. They depressed me. I put it back carefully.

The phone rang. I stared at the phone, uncertain of whether to answer it. Finally, on the fourth ring, I picked it up.

"Hello?"

"Eloise, it's Andrew. Everything all right?"

"Why yes, how'd you know I would be here?"

"Your mother told me. I would've left a message there, but thought I might catch you before you left. How are the plants?"

"Just fine, really."

"I don't doubt it, with you in charge."

There was a tiny pause in which I could hear his breathing so clearly that I thought he might be on the extension in the kitchen.

"I'll be home Monday. In the afternoon, say around four, you can drop the keys by and pick up your plant."

"Sure."

"I'll be looking forward to seeing you." He had heard the disappointment in my voice.

"Okay." We hung up at the same time. I took off my clothes and crawled into his bed. My bed, at least for a while longer. I drifted off to sleep but awakened an hour later. I made the bed and started to leave. My eyes caught my reflection in a gilt-edged mirror. My hair was rumpled, and I felt I looked deranged. I was certainly restless.

On impulse, I decided to look in his drawers. I didn't know what I was looking for until I found it, wedged in next to a pair of gold cufflinks in a small wooden box. My garnet ring. It made me nauseous and also exhilarated.

I left his house almost on tiptoe. The plants I passed seemed to sing after me a melodic paen to my guilt.

I had picked a wandering jew named Anna for my gift. He gave it to me ceremoniously, promising to fix dinner for me soon. I told him that would be nice and left quickly. It was March. I would not see him again till late May when I saw him at the post office. I told him about my trip to France for the summer. He teased me about European men and said I'd be a snob when I got back. Then he asked me if I was going away to college when I returned. I said yes and we parted.

**I**n the fall I did go away. I lived with Aunt Elizabeth and attended a state college in upstate New York. I studied art and other impractical subjects. I didn't hear from him, although I wrote him several times, mainly during a botany splurge that lasted a semester and quickly died. I went back home on holidays and did not see him. I inquired after his health—to my mother, since she always seemed to know everything. She looked at me curiously and said he was fine and had a woman living with him.

That hurt.

"Helen?" I asked.

"Who is Helen?" my mother countered.

"His ex-wife."

"Of course not. This is some girl named Janice. I think she's a photographer at the paper. She's always lugging around cameras." She tossed her proud gray head. "Not even married. It's ridiculous the way people carry on these days. I'm glad you're not hanging around there anymore."

I went back to school. Years passed. I got my degree in art and stayed on with Aunt Elizabeth, went with a few men, toyed with a little theater, thought about moving to New York City—the usual. But I went back to California eventually.

Mother was glad to have me back, but anxious that I get a high-paying job soon. I thought about moving to Los Angeles, and watched his house for signs of habitation. At least the lawn was manicured.

"She's gone," Mother said one day as I was poring over the want ads in the San Francisco paper.

"Who?"

"Janice. Nice girl, too. I got to know her at the grocery store. Bitter parting. Old coot."

From toot to coot. Still old, though, and I guess he was getting older.

"Did anyone ever find out how Englewood



# In a Green Shade

makes his money?"

"Cemeteries and funeral homes. He also reviews books for some magazines back East. And other things. I guess. Who really knows? Who cares?"

"Oh, Mother!"

She shrugged. "That's what they say."

I folded the newspaper. I decided to go visit him.

He answered the door on the third ring. His hair was getting grayer and a little thin on top. Lines had deepened around his mouth, but his smile was the same and his eyebrows were still dark and bushy.

"Eloise! What a surprise—come in, please."

He seemed shorter, thinner, more wiry than I'd remembered. I had grown, I guess. We were the same height now.

The house hadn't changed, but there was a gray cat lurking in a corner.

"That's Matilda. Do you like cats?"

"Sure." I sat down on a chair tentatively.

"How are you these days? You look good. How old are you—twenty-three?"

"Twenty-six."

"Doesn't seem possible. Back home with your mother and dad? My mother died last spring."

"I'm sorry!" I said too quickly. I gazed distractedly at the air, wishing I could reclaim the false sympathy of my words. I had never known his mother—I had never known—

"Eloise," he pulled at my hand, making me stand, "let's go into the garden. It's a lovely day."

We went out the back door, the cat following us quietly.

The sun was shining on the pool, where some green leaves floated. Something smelled very sweet. I thought of honeysuckle, but couldn't see any. He was holding my hand still. An exotic flower touched my ear. I ducked. He was taking me somewhere.

I could no longer see the house. There was a greenhouse and a pavilion. Flowers. So many flowers. I felt dizzy. He stopped. There was a wrought-iron bench carved in an intricate design.

"Sit down."

I sat and rubbed my face. My eyes were filling with tears. I made them stop, but it was hard.

He looked at me as if I were a rare specimen.

"I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

"My mother said you had someone living here. What happened?" I covered my mouth, embarrassed.

"None of my business, I know. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. Janice, she didn't take; I mean, this just wasn't the right environment for her."

"I'm sorry," I repeated.

"What's to be sorry about? That's life. Besides, you're here and it's a wonderful day. Just look at my

garden, how it grows—"

It was wondrous, lush, almost a rain forest. Such a range of plants he'd managed to grow there.

"You never wrote me," I said abruptly.

"I know."

"Andrew, do you still have my ring?" There, the secret was out. I had done it. I felt hollow; the secret had filled a corner of me so long.

"Your garnet ring. Yes, yes, I still have it. But you can't have it back. Unless—"

"What?" He was teasing me. It was all right. My tension was breaking around me like shattering ice.

"You can't have it back unless you agree to stay for dinner."

"You're not mad that I knew—that I—"

"Being mad's a waste of time." He reached out and touched my cheek lightly, that sad look pulling at his lips. "So many years gone."

"But time always stops here in the garden." I laughed. I moved away from him, stood, and found a pink-orange blossom to bury my nose in. I would have to learn its name. I would have to learn every name of every plant in this garden.

We had steaks for dinner with fried mushrooms and a green salad. Afterwards we went to the bedroom and made love a long time, till the moon was high in the sky. Then he made me get up. I groped for a robe to put on, but he wouldn't let me. We went naked out into the night-kissed garden. I thought we were going to swim. The night was warm enough. Instead he led me deeper into the garden, to a place where dirt had been turned and the fragrance of the earth moved in the air.

"Come on, time for sustenance."

He made me sit in the dirt with him, his smile wide and insistent in the moonlight. He dug himself down deeper and helped me to do the same. Sleep came. I leaned against him for the duration of the night.

In the morning there were tendrils of leaves encircling me, a plant entangled about my body. I sought, but could not find him in the environs of the garden.

I was tired still, so I went to bed, not even taking time to wash the dirt off.

I awakened, ravenous for breakfast. I called out to Andrew, but he didn't answer. I went back outside to the place where we'd slept. The plant was gone.

There was a hand on my shoulder. I realized I was still naked.

"Shall we try again?"

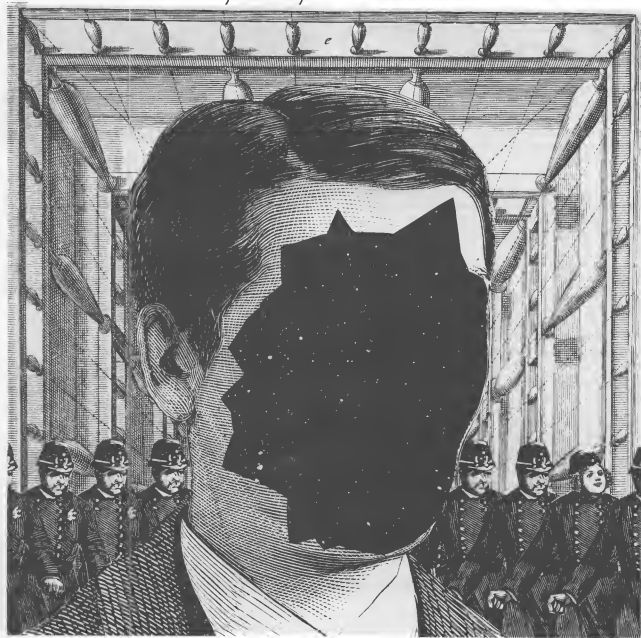
"Andrew—?"

"Things grow better in the sun," he said softly, kissing my hair. 17



# One Small Change

by Gary Brandner



AS DAN CHANCE DISCOVERED, FACING REALITY WAS NO EASY TRICK –  
BECAUSE THE DAMNED THING KEPT CHANGING!

**T**he moustache was gone. Dan Chance squeezed his eyes shut and massaged the lids. He wiped the surface of the mirror with the sleeve of his pajamas and looked again. Still no moustache. He was almost sure it had been there when he went to bed last night. *Almost?* A man ought to know for sure if he had a moustache or not. Chance pictured it in his mind. Sandy like his hair, full but neatly trimmed according to Milwaukee P.D. regulations. The picture began to fade.

Chance turned away from the mirror and sat down on the lid of the toilet seat. He fingered his naked lip, trying to remember. There had been a celebration of some sort last night. What was it about? Chance found he was having trouble remembering much of anything.

Frowning, he left the bathroom and crossed the hall to the bedroom. Maybe Louise could fill in the blanks for him. It was a stupid thing to have to ask your wife: *Say, honey, would you happen to know*

where I left my moustache? But what the hell, after seven years of marriage nothing should surprise her. Or was it eight years? Or six?

In the bedroom Chance pulled aside the curtain to let in the morning light. It was not the same bedroom he had just walked out of. Gone were the touches of color and softened lines that Louise was responsible for. His clothes were draped carelessly over a chair. The carpet needed cleaning. But Chance focused his attention on the bed. It had shrunk from king size to standard, and only one side had been slept in. There was no Louise.

Chance shook his head like a man who'd been clubbed. First he'd lost his moustache, now his wife. He stumbled over to the bureau and rummaged through the clutter on top. He snatched up a framed snapshot. It showed him and Louise standing together on the beach five years ago. That was the year before she died.

*Died?* Jesus, how could he forget a thing like that? He'd been a widower for more than four years. Last night must have been a hell of a party.

Chance pulled on a robe over his pajamas and started downstairs. Halfway down he froze. There was the sound of rock music from the kitchen radio and the smell of coffee brewing. He lived here alone. Didn't he?

With his muscles tensed Chance continued down the stairs and into the kitchen. A sandy-haired boy about fourteen was seated at the breakfast bar finishing up a bowl of cereal. He swallowed the last of a glass of milk, snapped off the radio, and stood up.

"Hi. How's the head?"

Chance stared at the boy with his mouth open.

"I have to run or I'll be late for class. Coffee's on the stove. See you."

Chance turned his head to follow the boy as he left the kitchen heading toward the front of the house. He heard the front door open.

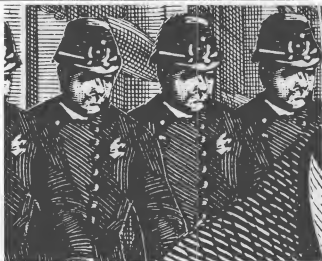
"Wear a coat, Brian," Chance heard himself say. "It's supposed to rain today."

*Brian?* How the hell did he know his son's name was Brian? *Son?*

Chance eased onto the stool next to where the boy had been sitting. This was not the first hangover of his life, but it was sure the weirdest. His head did not hurt, exactly, but it felt like things were being shoved around inside his skull. He made himself some toast, drank a cup of black coffee, and concentrated on making his mind a blank.

By the time he had showered and dressed to go to work Chance was starting to feel better. Then he walked out of the house, and the earth seemed to fall away under his feet.

There, growing on the strip of lawn between the sidewalk and the street, was a palm tree. Chance looked up and down the street and saw them growing on both sides. *Palm trees? In Milwaukee?*



It was time to admit that something was seriously wrong. Chance needed help. He resolved to check in with Dr. Gerstein, the Department shrink, as soon as he got downtown.

He climbed into his car, turned the radio up loud, and drove over streets and freeways he had never seen before straight to the Los Angeles Police Building.

Dr. Gerstein was not in his office. At least there was a Dr. Gerstein. Finding anything today the way he remembered it was a victory of sorts. Chance left a message for the psychiatrist and headed for the elevator.

Riding up alone in the silent car, Chance felt the shifting inside his head again. He needed to talk to somebody about what was happening to him. Somebody who wouldn't laugh and who wouldn't treat him like a whacko. He thought immediately of his partner, Frank Haskell. They had worked together a long time and shared a lot of crazy notions over the years. Good old Frank was just what he needed now. The elevator door opened, and Chance stepped out eagerly to look for his old friend.

He walked through the detectives' day room, heading for the wall by the windows where he and Frank occupied adjacent desks. He nodded to acknowledge the greetings of the other policemen, then stopped as though he had hit an invisible wall.

Seated at Frank's desk, typing on Frank's Smith-Corona at a rate that blurred the fingers, was a woman. She looked to be twenty-seven or twenty-eight, with fluffed-out blond hair, sparkly blue eyes, and a body to make men cry. She looked up and gave Chance a wry smile.

"Hi, partner. Recovered yet? You still look a little peaked."

Chance sagged into his chair and stared at the metal nameplate on his partner's desk. *Det. Sgt. Fran Haskell.* He remembered what a fuss he had put up when they first assigned a woman to work with him, only to have her turn out to be as good a cop as he was. But how could he remember that? And what about good old Frank?

"Before you get too comfortable," Fran said, "the lieutenant wants to see you. And he doesn't look happy."

Chance groaned. Lt. Duffy was never happy. Built like an oil drum, with flaring red hair and lep-



rechaun eyebrows, Duffy lived his life in a state of barely controlled rage.

Fran gave him a wink, then went back to typing her report. Chance gave her a long look, then crossed the room to the lieutenant's office. He paused outside to draw a deep breath and brace himself for the onslaught of semiliterate profanity. Then he opened the door and walked in.

A slim, well-tailored black man regarded him coolly from behind the desk. "Hello, Chance. Take a chair, please. I hope you can spare a few minutes to discuss some disturbing reports that have come to my attention."

Wiley Ames slouched as low as he could in the conference room chair without slipping all the way under the table. Across from him, beaming enthusiastically, were two young men named Garrity and Blum. They represented the producer and the packager. Wiley could never remember for sure which was which. Nor did he care especially. Last night they had celebrated together the signing of the network contract. Today Wiley wondered what he was so happy about.

Seated apart from the men was a dark-eyed girl with a steno pad. She wore a pair of jeans tight enough to squeak.

Garrity, or Blum, spoke to the girl. "Cyndi, you want to read back what we've got so far? And, Wiley, this was your brainchild from the start, so if you've got any reservations about our input this morning, let's hear them."

Wiley shook his head wearily and hunched his shoulders as though to ward off a hail of stones.

Cyndi cleared her throat and began to read. "First it was decided to make the hero clean shaven, since trends indicate that among the targeted demographic group, moustaches will be out next season. Next, the wife will be eliminated to open up romantic possibilities for Chance in later episodes. To forestall any question about his manhood, he will be made a widower and given a son. The son can also figure in teen-angled stories down the line. The locale will be changed to Los Angeles to save location costs, and who knows where Milwaukee is, anyway. The macho partner will be replaced by a woman to reflect the new liberated attitudes and add some sex. Finally, for ethnic balance the lieutenant

will turn black."

"Thank you, Cyndi," said Blum. Or Garrity. He rubbed his hands together. "I don't know about the rest of you, but I think we've done a good day's work this morning. As soon as Jerry Lightener gets back to give us the final okay from the network, you can go home and hit the typewriter, Wiley."

The door opened, and a short-bodied man with a Palm Springs tan bounded into the room. "Well, troopers, I've just talked to New York and they agree that the pilot script, with the ideas we've added this morning, looks like a winner for the fall schedule."

There was a round of congratulatory murmurs while Wiley Ames ground his teeth.

"There's one more small change they'd like to see, and it makes good sense. New York feels the show as it stands is too grim to pick up the Nielsen points we need. They say let's punch it up a little. Add a few laughs. What about it, Wiley, can do?"

Chance faced Dr. Gerstein across the desk in the psychiatrist's office. He was somewhat reassured by the doctor's expression of sincere concern.

"I don't know where to begin," he said. "This has been the strangest day of my life."

Dr. Gerstein nodded sagely. He pulled open a desk drawer and reached inside. "I think I know what you need, Sergeant."

"I hope so," said Chance, "because—"

The cream pie hit him square in the face. **17**

## Answers to

### The "So Saying, He Vanished" Quiz

1. "Mother of Serpents" by Robert Bloch 2. "The Boarded Window" by Ambrose Bierce 3. "The Judge's House" by Bram Stoker 4. "The Thing on the Doorstep" by H. P. Lovecraft 5. "Thus I Refute Beelzy" by John Collier 6. "The Facts in the Case of M. Valdemar" by Edgar Allan Poe 7. "The Drifting Snow" by August Derleth 8. "A Rose for Emily" by William Faulkner 9. "The Room in the Castle" by J. Ramsey Campbell 10. "Negotium Perambulans" by E. F. Benson 11. "The Epiphany of Death" by Clark Ashton Smith 12. "The Inexperienced Ghost" by H. G. Wells 13. "The Case of Charles Dexter Ward" by H. P. Lovecraft 14. "Talent" by Theodore Sturgeon 15. "A Piece of Linoleum" by David H. Keller 16. "Time and the Gods" by Lord Dunsany 17. "Trill Cöster's Burden" by Manly Wade Wellman 18. "Madam Crowl's Ghost" by J. Sheridan LeFanu 19. "Pigeons from Hell" by Robert E. Howard 20. "The Octobe Game" by Ray Bradbury 21. "The Imp of the Perverse" by Edgar Allan Poe 22. "Gonna Roll of Bones" by Fritz Leiber 23. "August Heat" by W. F. Harvey 24. "The Hounds of Tindalos" by Frank Belknap Long 25. "The Turn of the Screw" by Henry James 26. "The Open Window" by Saki 27. "Man-Size in Marble" by Edith Nesbit 28. "Repent, Harlequin, Said the Ticktock Man" by Harlan Ellison 29. "Moonlight Sonata" by Alexander Woolcott





# Alive and Well in...

by Michael S. Smith

WITH GERMANY IN RUINS, HE PLANNED THE PERFECT ESCAPE: TO THE FUTURE.

**H**e fell, tackled from behind by a frantic, clawing figure. Bormann. Rolling away, he snatched up a chunk of fallen concrete and knocked the attacker unconscious. He smiled grimly as he dove through the rectangular hatch. If anyone other than himself survived this day, it would be Martin Bormann. Bormann had the feral survival instincts of a cockroach. Besides, there was only room for one...

The rectangular hatch belonged to the best-kept technological secret of the Reich, hidden in a niche behind the communications room of the bunker. It was a one-way time machine, one-way because a man like Adolf Hitler had no interest in visiting the past. The late inventor of the machine lay in a rubble-strewn courtyard beside the body of Eva Braun. Elsewhere in Berlin, on this spring morning in 1945, insane children chased and slaughtered each other in the bloody jagged playground the city had become. Overhead the Reich Chancellery shuddered from a direct hit. He felt it, even through the padded interior of the machine.

Locking the restraining belts, he verified that the control was still set on 33, a lucky number because he'd come to power in 1933. The inventor had been able to calibrate time coordinates with fair precision, plus or minus a few months. As for place, the machine's destination was only as precise as it had to be: somewhere—anywhere—in South America.

Hitler triggered a toggle switch on the console. Exotic metal skin screamed as it was ripped and buffeted. Restraints tore loose. Hitler's youthful face, a product of Stroehmeyer the plastic surgeon, bounced off the upholstery. His face was young, but his body

old, and he blacked out when the machine slammed to a stop.

He awoke in pulsing green light. Checking the time readout, he tripped the hatch release and stepped out. Behind him the machine imploded quietly into dust.

The South American jungle enveloped him.

His water and emergency rations were long gone by the time he staggered into a clearing. He saw buildings and people, and uttered thanksgiving to his dark gods.

Obliquely he approached one of the few white people in the village, a woman. She appeared to be a nurse. *Missionaries*, he thought. Still partially deaf from the bombing attempt on his life in July, 1944, he edged closer to pick up her voice. She spoke English.

He noticed a mud road leading out and decided to follow it, keeping close beside the jungle. The village was bustling, and no one paid any attention to the swarthy, young-looking man with black hair who greedily slaked his thirst at one of the crude wooden tables.

Abruptly the jump across time and space caught up with him, reminding him of his real age. He was tired, so tired. The trek along the mud road could wait for a few minutes. He sat on the ground and closed his eyes. His head and limbs grew too heavy to support.

With his last conscious thought, he smiled to himself, seeing the triumphant orange glow of the machine's time readout: NOVEMBER 1978. A loudspeaker above his head came alive, and an amplified voice, raspy and frantic, crackled over the village.

The voice of the Reverend Jim Jones. **17**

IT WAS ONLY CLOTH AND STUFFING. IT COULDN'T TALK.  
IT COULDN'T EVEN SQUEAL.  
BUT IT HAD A MESSAGE FOR HUMANKIND:

# Pigs Are Sensitive

by Jon Wynne-Tyson

If it hadn't been for Georgie, Pig might never have been one of the family.

Georgie, it must be explained, was three fingers manipulated by their owner Tristram Hallison to strut around the table at the children's mealtimes, first and third fingers serving as legs, the second projecting horizontally as trunk and head combined.

Once into his stride, Georgie ceased to be an extension of Tristram's arm and took on a life of his own. He was into everything, bored by nothing, forever probing, criticizing, encouraging and daring, to the total delight of the twins.

He was vocal to boot, never at a loss for words. The voice was Tristram's, of course, but it came over high and semi-ventriloquized, and as all eyes were on Georgie rather than on Tristram, every word was unquestioned evidence of its owner's racy, rebellious, mini-Bond slant on life. Georgie did and got away with things that Simon and Emily would not have dreamed of. He even defied parents. He lived dangerously—and survived. He was as much part of the family as Mewlie the cat or the dog Clutterbuck; persona grata, anytime, anyplace.

Drab to record, he had been invented only to encourage the twins to acquire the strange habit of eating, that instinct so often seemingly absent in the young of homo sapiens. Tristram, to whom fatherhood had come late, found mealtime battles rather a strain. Georgie was born of necessity. Omnivorous as well as omnipotent, he would tackle almost anything that appeared on a plate—with appropriate slurping noises, needless to add—though he was smart

enough to have a few pet hates, at the very mention of which he would lie on his back (which is to say Tristram's knuckles) with hysterical cries of "Eeeugh!" and "Yeuck!" Fortunately, these substances did not include the basic foods.

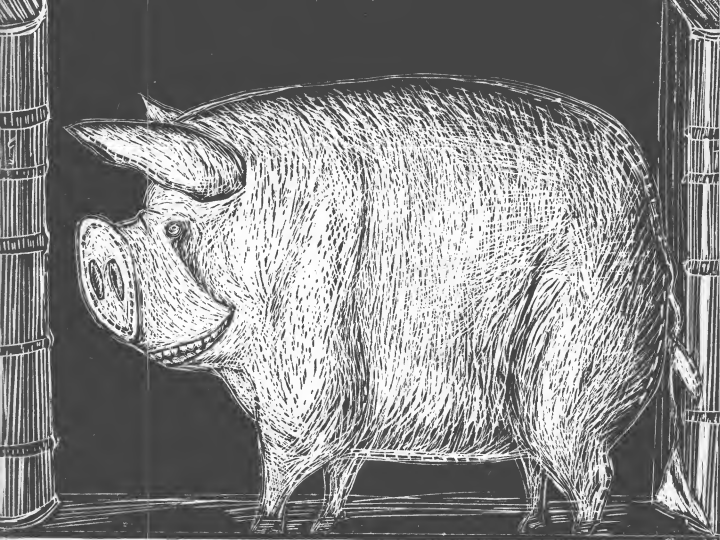
That was many years ago, however. Georgie never lost favor, but his appearances became less frequent. As the twins grew, teddy bears and dolls took more of the limelight. The most favored among them also acquired speech and viewpoints that at times slightly alarmed Ann, who had studied child psychology for a year before marriage.

"I don't think it matters that you anthropomorphize the toys," she said once, "but you've turned that giraffe into a psychopathic criminal and he's the twins' favorite."

"They'll survive," Tristram had said cheerfully.

They survived quite well. Simon went into engineering without even a passing glance at alternative lifestyles, and a year after her brother left home, Emily married a young solicitor whose eligibility was a source of amazement and envy to surrounding parents—whose children, deep into their thirties, all seemed to be in competition with each other in the forging of disastrous alliances and hopeless, dead-end jobs.

It was Emily who introduced Pig. A kind-hearted girl, she knew that her parents would feel the gap when she married, for until then the freelance journalism she had combined with part-time work for Friends of the Planet had meant that she still saw a lot of home.



And home was where the reception was held, for it was high summer—and the gamble they took on the weather had paid off. Everything went well, apart from the cake-making woman getting the date wrong, and by three o'clock the car was ready; which was to say it was plastered with lipstick, hung with streamers and old shoes, trailing a string of cans, and properly equipped beneath the hood with a kipper on the engine casing.

The last thing Emily did before stepping into the passenger's seat was to hand Ann a small parcel. "Thank you for everything, mummy," she said. "Daddy, too. This is to keep you company. I couldn't resist him."

They could see why. About eight inches long, Pig was pink, wide, rectangular, stub-legged, flopped, and wore a broad engaging grin. The triangular black and white Design Centre label that dangled from his tail gave him a certain panache. Calico-skinned, he was firmly fleshed rather than cuddly, but there was something about him of instant appeal. For a few weeks he was given pride of place on the bureau in the sitting room, next to the carriage clock and within sniffing distance of the flowers Ann kept there.

Then one day she found Pig lying in their bed with the duvet drawn up to his chin so that only his broad grin and the tips of his ears were visible.

"Oh, Tristram!" Ann said, though he wasn't there, golf claiming much of his time since retirement. She removed Pig and put him on Tristram's pillow before doing what she had come into the room

to do, which was to put some towels in a drawer. As she was leaving the room she paused and considered for a moment, then picked up Pig and pushed his snout under Tristram's pillow so that only his pink rump was showing, with the Design Centre label hanging from his tail.

From then on there was no telling where Pig would turn up next. He wasn't a talkative animal, in fact he never spoke at all, but he was inquisitive and adventurous to a degree. He was also ambitious and a bit of a worrier. One day Ann found him with his snout deep in an encyclopedia, intensely studying an article headed "Pigment migration in amphibians."

"I see Pig's into literature again," she said.

"Learning more than literature," Tristram replied seriously. "He seems to have worked up rather a worry about his educational deficiencies. I wouldn't be surprised if he starts to agitate for an Open University course before long."

It was all played quite straight, of course. Part of the game.

The months went by. They saw Simon and Emily from time to time, but although they missed them more than either wanted to admit, it went without saying that they had suppressed firmly and responsibly any temptation to drift into possessiveness and interference. The young had their own lives to lead, and that was that.

But a calico pig, however engaging, is no substitute for a meaningful, committed, ongoing relationship, and it has to be said that mere suppression of the fact that they missed the children did not

# Pigs Are Sensitive

make up for their absence. Truth to tell, without mouths to feed, school fees to pay, and with various modest insurance policies reaching maturity, neither Tristram nor Ann had enough to do. Sports and the Women's Institute fill some gaps, but not all. Serving on the golf club committee, and teasing jam pot covers out of rural biddies in the surrounding villages, do not stretch a couple only a little past the prime of life. Books—though there were many around the house—were no longer the draw they used to be. Selectivity over television programs had not yet been abandoned.

Life's small irritations began to multiply. Perspectives changed. Pig was no longer found daily in some different situation of inquiry or carefree bliss. In fact, he spent long intervals neglected by both of them, as often as not haunch-deep in the green flokati rug bought to go between the twin beds.

When he was remembered, his reanimation was more likely to be exploited to underline some grievance between Tristram and Ann than to emphasize the free-ranging joie de vivre of an exploratory, life-hungry pig. In short, Pig was being manipulated.

His thirst for knowledge was particularly exploited. After an argument, Pig might well be found with his snout buried in some book, his small, intelligent eyes scanning a paragraph that supported one or another side. This sort of thing is all very well and might have done no harm. If one takes the view that a calico pig is as likely a tool for human catharsis as any other, it is possible to point to positive good in the development. But the situation did not stay static. It progressed. Which is to say it got nastier.

Pig began to be turned upon. Not, let it be clear, by way of physical assault from whip, stick or boot, but—and which may be worse—by ridicule and even open dislike. Trivial things taken singly, no doubt, but cumulatively . . .

In the kitchen, for example. Tristram, like a lot of men who marry late after establishing a workable bachelor routine, was a stickler for cleanliness. Let's put it higher than that: he was bloody fussy. Ann's approach to domestic chores, however, was somewhat slapdash. What is slapdash when all else is reasonably harmonious in a marriage can earn less jocular judgments when things deteriorate.

"Do we have to live like pigs?" Tristram demanded one lunchtime, rubbing vigorously with a pot scourer at a frying pan whose encrustations were formidable.

The next day Pig was found by Ann when she entered the kitchen to make breakfast. He was on the dresser looking pointedly at a carving knife whose blade bore evidence of a distinctly relaxed washing-up.

Ann sighed. She was at her best in the morning, so when Tristram came in she said lightly:

"You shouldn't have let him in the kitchen and

shown him the carving knife. The associations are unfortunate. Pigs are sensitive. I read somewhere they sometimes die of fright when being dragged to slaughter."

Tristram was an owl rather than a lark. What was more, a heavy nineteenth hole had been followed by a committee wrangle that had sent him to bed with a splitting headache.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," he said, "isn't it about time we stopped this nonsense? He's only a cloth pig; a lump of inanimate felt."

"You brought him into it," Ann said.

**F**or a few days Pig was back on the flokati rug. Ann rather enjoyed waking up to a misty view of a pink pig grinning broadly in a green field of dyed goat's hair.

But matters did not improve. From being cast in partisan roles, Pig was transformed slowly but surely into an animal of independent, gratuitous nastiness. His reading became more and more sociological and liberated. His snout was constantly pressed to purple passages emphasizing the battle of the sexes. Where once he had been wont to peruse amusing and charming thoughts from Alison Utley and Kenneth Grahame, now he was immersed in the products of Virago, The Women's Press, and authors such as Kingsley Amis, Angus Wilson, Hemingway, and others with even more jaundiced and chauvinistic views of the female sex. He would be found looking at pictures, too—pictures of battered wives, men or women murdered by their spouses, even of Playboy women portrayed as sex objects, and of animals hunted, vivisected, and otherwise ill treated by men. The whole thing was becoming very, very unpleasant.

One morning Ann came down to make breakfast and discovered Pig on the sofa in the sitting room. Propped in front of him was an encyclopedia with a luridly colored illustration of an eviscerated pig hanging from a butcher's hook. The text below read:

*In earlier days meat animals were slaughtered by strangulation or by piercing the brain through the eye with heated spears. Blood was left in to cure as an essential part of the meat. Later, the Judeo-Christian distaste for blood led to new practices: animals were dispatched by a head blow or by severing the jugular vein, the carcass being hung head downward to bleed. After bleeding, cattle and sheep were skinned; pigs were dipped into vats of scalding water so that hair or hide or both could be easily removed.*

For whatever reason, Ann felt the color drain from her face as she snatched the book from before Pig's eyes and slammed it shut on the table. Absurdly, she felt the prick of tears. Tristram came down for breakfast.

"I don't think that was the least bit funny or



**Pig was transformed slowly but surely into an animal of gratuitous nastiness. His reading became more and more sociological and liberated. His snout was constantly pressed to purple passages emphasizing the battle of the sexes.**

called for," she said.

"What wasn't?" Tristram inquired. The weather looked good and a day's golf lay ahead.

"Leaving that ... disgusting article for Pig to read."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Don't be ridiculous, Tristram. Of course you know."

"I tell you I don't."

"He was reading about slaughterhouses in the encyclopedia."

"He wasn't reading anything. He's a toy pig."

"He may be a toy, but there is such a thing as bad taste."

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Tristram said, "why spoil for a fight on such a lovely day? Look, I really must get on."

Ann opened her mouth, then shut it. Whatever had got into Tristram, she was getting nowhere with him.

"Well, I'm not amused," she said. "Here's your egg."

A few days later Ann again found Pig reading, this time in the kitchen with his snout pressed to another page in the encyclopedia. The article was headed "Hog Slaughter":

*After stunning, pigs are bled by severing one of the large veins, the anterior vena cava, and then submerged in a scalding tank to loosen the hair. After being suspended vertically from a rail and shaved and singed, the carcass is opened with a straight cut in the center of the belly ...*

Ann was half angry, half worried. Until recently Tristram had at least been subtle in his anthropomorphic fantasies. Even the nastier and getting-at-her inventions of recent weeks had been marked by finesse and humor, however black. The sheer bludgeoning insensitivity of repeating the slaughterhouse joke—if joke was how he had seen it—was out of character.

"Look," she said when he came in, "I do honestly think we have got to stop this Pig thing. What on earth was the point of your latest contrivance?"

She gestured toward the working surface next

to the stove where she had left Pig and the propped-up book.

It was Tristram's turn to be worried.

"Are you all right?" he inquired.

"I'm very upset."

"But what are you trying to achieve?"

"Achieve?"

"In setting up Pig with that encyclopedia."

"Me? Don't be absurd. You know perfectly well it is another of your sick ideas of humor or of scoring off me or something."

Tristram attempted a smile of patience and pacification, at the same time, as a gesture of frustration and impotence.

"Oh, now, look here!" he said. "When we went to bed last night the animal was on the rug. I know because I stepped on him when the bulb went in the table lamp."

"And you took him down with you when you went to get a replacement."

"I didn't!"

"Of course you did. You must have."

"I tell you I didn't."

"Then what are you suggesting?"

"Oh, for God's sake," Tristram said, "this is utterly ludicrous. Let's just call a truce and leave it at that."

Things were a little better between them over the next couple of weeks, but on a Sunday morning Ann discovered Pig in the sitting room again, this time snouting through a pamphlet issued by one of the animal welfare societies. Once again the subject was meat animals, the opened page emphasizing the small proportion of beasts whose slaughter, globally viewed, could be regarded as in any sense humane. It was sober, statistical stuff and called for explanation.

When Tristram had drunk his first cup of coffee and was well into the sausages, Ann said:

"Have you been trying to get something through to me all this time?"

"Through to you? What about?"

"I mean, has something made you feel we should go vegetarian?"

Tristram's expression registered surprise, almost shock.

"Are you mad?"

"Well, I wouldn't mind too much if you were really set on it. We could take it by degrees."

Tristram put down his knife and fork.

"Would you mind explaining what you are talking about?"

Ann handed him the pamphlet.

"You aren't seriously denying you put that with Pig last night?"

"Of course I'm denying it. I don't think I've ever even seen this pamphlet before."

"It's probably Emily's. She was a junior

# Pigs Are Sensitive

member of the RSPCA, if you remember."

"So?"

"So it has been on the shelves and you must have found it."

Tristram thumped the table.

"I tell you I haven't seen this bloody leaflet before."

Ann clenched her hands so hard that the nails gave her pain.

"For goodness sake," she pleaded in a voice higher than normal, "will you stop this awful, senseless game? We made a truce."

"The only game I am playing," said Tristram grimly, "is the game of golf, and that is precisely what I shall be doing for the rest of the day. As for that pig, get rid of it. Burn it. Anything."

He flung his napkin onto the table and stamped out of the room, his toast untouched.

Ann wept.

**I**t was the usual thing of the milk bottles. The Hallisons' consumption had long been steady and they were always careful to tell the dairy if they were going to be away.

"The front door's easiest, Sarge," P. C. Bates said. "Glass panel right above the Yale."

There was nothing untoward in the hall, nor in the sitting room.

"I'll look upstairs," the sergeant said. "You take the dining room and kitchen."

The main bedroom was untidy and the beds had been slept in, but there was nothing sinister about it. On one pillow, the duvet pulled up under what passed for its chin, was a pink toy pig with a seraphic grin. The sergeant was looking at the pho-

tographs on the dressing table when from downstairs came a choked, horrified half scream, half shout. He was down the stairs at good speed for so heavy a man.

The young constable staggered out of the kitchen, bent like an aspen, his hand over his mouth. He was as white as a clown.

The sergeant pushed past him, then stopped abruptly, his large boots inches from the shallow lake of blood that covered the floor. On the table, on the working surfaces, on the chairs, were the visible and stinking signs of unbelievable carnage. A blood-encrusted carving knife lay on the draining board.

"For Christ's sake," the sergeant said thickly when capable of speech, "it's a bloody holocaust."

P. C. Bates, who had brought up in the hall, looked over the sergeant's shoulder.

"They've been butchered," he said weakly. "Completely bloody butchered. It's like ... it's like ..."

"It's like we was in a meat factory," the sergeant said. "They're rashers, that's what they are; just so many bleeding rashers."

"There's a book on the table," the young man said. "A Mrs. Beeton."

"So what?"

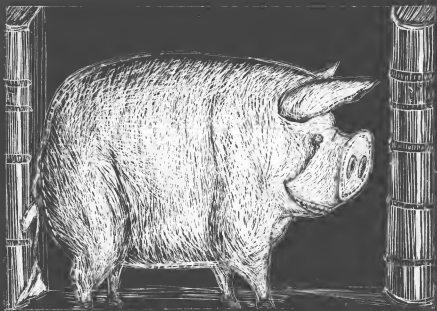
"Well, it's open at the bit about bacon. Almost as though ..."

The sergeant, still dazed, took a notebook out of his pocket.

"Mother of God," he said without reverence.

P. C. Bates lifted his head with a sharp sideways movement, suddenly alert.

"I thought you'd been upstairs," he said. "Who's that laughing, then?" **W**



# Saratoga Winter

by Jeff Hecht

HATTIE HAD RECEIVED THE OLD HOUSE AS A GIFT –  
OR MAYBE IT WAS THE OTHER WAY AROUND.

Hattie had wanted to forget all about it, but finally her sense of duty had overcome her fear, and she'd gone to the funeral. It was a sparse affair, held in a room in one of the big old houses on North Broadway that had been made over into a funeral parlor. There were a dozen other town people, all of them old white folks that she didn't know. There were two family people whom she'd never met before. Hattie felt very alone in the back row of folding chairs, like sitting alone in the back of the bus when she was a girl.

The preacher was a young man Hattie had seen a couple of times before. Once he'd come to take Mrs. Rowe to the hospital when the old lady had been drinking too much. Now he was speaking vague words over the old lady's body in a voice that Hattie found far too gentle for a preacher.

After the last words were said over Mrs. Rowe's body, the undertakers closed the casket and wheeled it into a back room. The burial would have to wait until spring, when the ground thawed. The delay bothered Hattie; she had never gotten used to life in the North.

When the town people filed out one by one, Hattie was at the end of the line. Each person said a few uneasy words to the two family people who were thanking them for coming. Then it was her turn, and after she mumbled her few words, the older man, a

tired heavyset man with thinning white hair, asked her who she was. Hattie mumbled her name, and the man, instead of letting her go, asked if she was the Hattie Brown who'd been taking care of his sister.

"Yes," Hattie nodded, looking down at his feet. She had told herself a dozen times that she'd had no way to know that Mrs. Rowe couldn't survive the binge, but she still wasn't proud of herself. She wanted nothing more than just to be home, wishing that she'd never tried to ease her guilt by coming to the old woman's funeral. Then a gust of cold December wind blew in the open door, and the undertaker's assistant let it close, making Hattie feel trapped.

"We want to thank you for taking care of her," the man said. "It was hard, you know, for us ..." He paused. There was emotion trying to break through his face, but he was too old a man to think that he could let any emotion show. "We live down in New Haven, you see. It's hard to get to Saratoga; we just couldn't ... couldn't take care of her the way you did."

Hattie was thankful that the darkness of her skin would hide her embarrassment from the white people. They didn't really know how she'd taken care of old Mrs. Rowe. Sometimes she'd gone out and bought a bottle when the old lady asked for one; sometimes she'd just sat with her and drank. Hattie had never figured out where all the bottles had come



*Sanatoga Winder*

©Bubac

from. They helped Mrs. Rowe ease whatever pain was inside her; they helped Hattie ease the pain of being left stranded with three kids in this cold place so far from home. The old lady needed someone to talk at, and Hattie could at least pretend to listen. Hattie had tried to clean the house a little, though the place was so filthy that it did little good. Sometimes, in the last weeks, she'd even cleaned up Mrs. Rowe when the old lady hadn't been able to make it to the bathroom. "I did the best I could," Hattie said, not believing it.

"You did a lot more than we could," the white-haired man replied. "We've been thinking ... that we should do something for you. You see ... my sister didn't have anything but the house. And I don't think ... she probably didn't have that clear after all. I don't know, really ..."

"The people at City Hall said she hadn't paid her taxes in a while, Dad," said the younger man beside him. He seemed to be in his twenties, and his hair was so short that Hattie guessed he must be in the service.

The older man turned for a moment, then looked back at Hattie. "I guess that's right." He looked so tired she wondered how he could stay on his feet. "We'd like you to have the house ..."

"But I can't ... I don't have any right to it ..." Hattie was shocked. She'd daydreamed, as she'd sat in her apartment the day after Mrs. Rowe died, of getting something beyond the couple of half-empty bottles that she'd taken. Of maybe getting a little money, something that might go a little beyond the welfare check so she wouldn't have to struggle so hard. But she hadn't expected anything. Mrs. Rowe had always complained that her family was "too cheap to care for a sick old lady."

"It's not worth a lot, and we know there's the taxes ..." the older man said.

"They told me it was at least a couple of thousand, Dad, but they didn't know exactly how much," the younger man interrupted.

"... But, well, we live so far from here, and there's nobody left in the family around here ... and we thought maybe it would repay you for some of what you've done."

Hattie looked down at the older man's feet, not sure what to do. There must be something wrong with the house, some reason they didn't want it. Maybe it really wasn't worth anything; maybe the city was going to come and take it for the taxes. But she couldn't refuse the offer; her pride had drained away since Jack had left her. Slowly, softly, she thanked him.

There was no mistaking his relief. There must be something wrong. Or maybe he just wanted to be rid of the place, like she'd wanted to be rid of Jack's things after he'd taken off. She'd thrown them all away; and in the two years since, she'd never walked

across town to the racetrack where he'd worked.

When all the formalities were over and the last words said to the undertakers, they took Hattie with them to a dusty lawyer's office two blocks from City Hall. She sat silent and alone in the waiting room for a few minutes before the younger man came back and brought her in to talk with the lawyer. He said things about transferring the entire estate and its liabilities to her, but she made little effort to understand what the words meant.

The first thing Hattie did in the house was to open the windows to try to get rid of the stench. The smell had been there the first day she came to clean up for Mrs. Rowe and earn a few extra dollars. Each cleaning got rid of a little dirt, but the stink remained. This time her effort was doomed from the start. The cold December winds blew in the open windows, chilling her but leaving the stench as thick as ever.

She tried to get rid of the things that smelled the worst. First she dragged the old couch out to the curb, the couch where Mrs. Rowe had spent her binges, then another mangy stuffed chair from the living room. They didn't seem to smell as bad outside, but maybe it was just the cold numbing her nose. Then she tossed out the remains of a rug that had been in the living room. The room looked better, but the smell was still heavy, as if it came from the house itself.

It seemed better to Hattie, but her children would have none of it. "Ain't no way I'm livin' in that spooky place, Mama," said Billy, her youngest, when she told him to start packing after he got home from school. Her two daughters, Gracie and Rose, told her the same thing, but less gently, as is the way of teenagers. Hattie ignored them and carried a box of clothes from the apartment across the street to the house.

She spent another couple of hours cleaning the first-floor bedroom Mrs. Rowe had used when she wasn't drinking too much. There was cat crap under the bed, and getting rid of that seemed to make the room smell a little better. She sorted the old lady's clothes into piles to throw away and to wash, then went back to the apartment to get one of the girls to take some to the laundromat.

The fight started almost as soon as she walked into the apartment. Gracie, the older girl, seemed to be talking for all the kids. "We're stayin' here, Mama. We'll stay here by ourselves if we've got to. You always taught us to stand up proud, and we're goin' to do that even if you won't."

Hattie was furious. "You're just bein' stupid. I'm not payin' rent on this dump, and you've got no money. I'm the one that gets the welfare check, remember? They don't give checks to children, you remember that, too. You come with me, or they'll

come and get you and put you away."

"I'm sixteen, Mama. If I have to, I'll quit school and go to work. And Mrs. Johnson isn't going to throw us out, any more than she'd throw you out. I know you don't pay her all the time, Mama; you just lie and tell her she's so old that she's forgot again and ..."

They just screamed at each other then, as bad as Hattie and her husband had before he had taken off. It got Hattie so mad that she just stalked out of the apartment, slamming the door behind her.

When she got back to the house, she realized it was dinnertime. There was no need to go back to the apartment, there was lots of food in the house. She tried the refrigerator first, but most of what was in there had gone bad. She didn't want to clean it out, and anyway there was still a closet full of cans. It was the stuff that Mrs. Rowe had asked Hattie to get so that she could ask for what she really wanted: "By the way, could you pick up some Scotch? The good stuff, please, Hattie, so that if anyone drops by I can offer them a sip." They both knew that no one else ever came.

While Hattie was looking for a pan clean enough to use to heat a can of ravioli, she found a full bottle of Jack Daniels in a cabinet. She didn't remember it, but that didn't surprise her; she'd never been able to keep track of all Mrs. Rowe's bottles—there were many more than Hattie ever bought. They just kept appearing.

After she put the ravioli on, she poured herself a shot of the whiskey to celebrate getting the house. It wasn't much, but it was more than she'd ever had before, even in the good years when Jack had had a good job and they hadn't been fighting. It was the first big thing she'd ever owned.

That night she decided she was too tired to wash the dishes; she deserved a rest. Maybe her struggles were over now; maybe she wouldn't have to work so hard. She turned on the television and settled down in the one big overstuffed chair she'd left in the living room. She had a few drinks as she relaxed, then finally fell asleep in the chair.

It was three days later when Mrs. Johnson came to the door of the house. Hattie was surprised that it took her that long to start poking around. The old lady was in her early eighties, and had nothing to do but pry into everyone else's business. Hattie saw her crossing the street, but she waited until the old woman had painfully made her way around the snow banks and up the steps to ring the doorbell.

"Are you moving in here?" Mrs. Johnson asked when Hattie came to the door. There wasn't time to answer before the old woman went on. "The children say they're staying but you're moving out. Gracie said she'd pay the rent in a week or two. She said

*There must be something  
wrong with the house,  
some reason they  
didn't want it.  
Maybe it really  
wasn't worth anything;  
maybe the city  
was going to come  
and take it for the taxes.  
But she couldn't  
refuse the offer.*

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she'd get a job ..."

"That's her problem. I told her we're moving over here, and she and the others said they wouldn't come. Far as I care, they're runnin' away if they don't come. Mrs. Rowe's folks left me the place so we're moving in. I'll have my stuff out of the apartment in a few days."

Mrs. Johnson looked beyond Hattie into the house, wrinkling her nose. "I guess you've cleaned up a little. I can see that. But I can still smell the place." She looked back at Hattie, her faded brown eyes suddenly bright and piercing in her dark, wrinkled face. "It still has the stink of death about it, like it always has. Do you know why?"

Hattie wanted to be left alone, but she was too well trained to shut the door in Mrs. Johnson's face. "No, ma'am, I don't. But I don't think I much care to, either."

It didn't matter what she'd said, and she knew it. Mrs. Johnson went on just the same, about Mrs. Rowe's family and the people before them and before them, names that meant nothing to Hattie. The old woman said they were all white trash and they'd all come to a bad end, and Hattie barely pretended to listen.

"It ain't the Rowses livin' here anymore, ma'am, it's the Browns," Hattie said when the old woman stopped for breath. "It's going to be different, you just watch. It's just me now, but I know the kids will come over soon. Don't pay any attention to Gracie; she's always going on about the crazy things she wants to do."

Mrs. Johnson just shook her head. "You can't stop it if you stay in the house, Hattie. And you're wrong about your children; they're not going to come here. They've told me that. They're nice kids, Hattie, and I'm going to let them stay even if Gracie doesn't get her job. Maybe they could pay by helping

me with the place; I'm getting so old that it's hard for me to get around. They can take care of themselves, but you better watch yourself, too."

**I**t was the next morning that Hattie found the first bottle that she knew hadn't been there before. It was sitting in the middle of the dining room table. The night before the table had been bare, after she'd dumped the old junk mail and detective magazines into the trash, and written "DEAD" on all the old bills before putting them in the mailbox. There had even been a couple of small medicine bottles—empty—in the pile. But there hadn't been any booze.

The bottle bothered Hattie as she stared at it, not quite awake and a little hung over. There were no signs of a break-in. The doors were still chained shut as she'd left them; the windows still locked. Could it be Mrs. Rowe's ghost? There was nothing menacing about the bottle; it was just ordinary liquor. If there were ghosts, she decided that they must be friendly.

She took the bottle with her into the kitchen and put it into a cabinet as she heated the water for her instant coffee. She ate her daily bowl of Frosted Flakes and milk, then fixed herself another cup of coffee and stared out into the overgrown backyard.

The welfare lady was due in half an hour—ten o'clock, she'd said on the phone the day before. Hattie had cleaned up the house some more in the evening, hauling out the last of the empty bottles along with the rest of the trash she'd found on the first floor. She was still trying to decide if she should make it look like the kids still lived with her, or if it was better to have the welfare people make them move in. The kids were hopeless. Gracie just screamed, Rose wouldn't talk to her, and Billy kept saying the house was haunted. Hattie was still staring out the window when the doorbell rang.

When she opened the door, Hattie started to apologize. "I've been trying to get this smell out, but I just can't..."

The woman just nodded her head. She was young and blonde and pretty, and Hattie couldn't see why she had to work for the welfare people. "I've been here before, I'm afraid. We used to have calls about Mrs. Rowe, people asking us to try to help her. There wasn't much we could do."

"I know," Hattie replied. Once the welfare people had sent Mrs. Rowe to the hospital in an ambulance, but in a week she'd just walked right back out again. Mrs. Johnson had said that they'd tried to dry out Mrs. Rowe a couple of times before that, but that it hadn't worked then either.

"It looks like you're trying to get it cleaned up ... but that isn't why I came. There's some more paperwork we've got to take care of now that you own the house."

"I'm not going to have to go off the welfare,

am I?"

"Not unless you inherited a mattress full of money."

There hadn't been anything like that. Hattie had checked everywhere but the basement, which was locked and which smelled so bad—at least through the door in the kitchen—that she wouldn't want to go down there even if she could get in. "The lawyer said there wasn't any money, ma'am. Her brother took me to the lawyer's office and they had me sign a whole bunch of papers. I don't know what they said."

The younger woman shook her head. "You shouldn't sign papers unless you know what they are. You could get into all sorts of trouble."

That scared Hattie, just like all the other things with lawyers and papers and welfare scared her. She was tired of it; she just wanted it to go away. She didn't say so, of course; she knew much better than that. She just said she'd been confused, and the welfare lady finally called the lawyer and arranged to take Hattie to his office and talk about it.

**W**hat had been supposed to take a few minutes took a couple of hours. It was worse than no money: Mrs. Rowe owed a lot of money to a lot of people, and that money was going to have to be paid before Hattie could keep the house. She kept saying she didn't understand it, and they finally told her to send all the bills to the lawyer, and that he and the welfare lady would try to figure out if she could keep the house. That scared her for a while, until they told her that she could stay there for at least a few months because it would take that long to settle things. Nobody thought to ask her what had happened to the children.

Back at the house Hattie made herself a sandwich for lunch. Then she settled down to watch soap operas and have a drink to unwind. She had a few more drinks before she dozed off, and when she woke it was dark outside and the news was on. She tried to warm a can of spaghetti, but she burned the pan and wasn't able to eat much of it. Still hungry, she sat down with some cookies and a bottle to watch television. Eventually she went to sleep.

It was sometime during the night that something came to her from the basement. She knew it was there, but she was too weak even to open her eyes to look at it. If she could just open her eyes, just get out of the chair, she knew she could walk away from it. But she was tired of fighting, too weak to get up. And while she feared it, she also welcomed it, for it brought her peace. It brought oblivion, and an end to the fear and the poverty and the pain. If oblivion meant death, she would welcome it.

It seemed to be just after that that she woke, cold because the blanket had fallen from her shoulders to her lap. She felt so weak that it took her minutes to reach down and pull it back up over her-



self. The television screen showed only white snow, but she was too tired to get up from the chair and turn it off and go to bed. When the shivering stopped, she drifted off to sleep again.

The cold and a hangover both haunted Hattie in the morning, and she finally had to pour herself a small drink to warm up enough to get going. She barely noticed the dishes left in the sink when she padded into the kitchen to make her breakfast of Frosted Flakes and milk. It was only after her second cup of instant coffee that she noticed a bottle of

rum on the counter by the sink. She brewed a third cup of coffee; she mixed in some of the rum.

As she drank the mixture, she remembered her uneasy dreams of the thing in the basement. Perhaps she should go down there and clean the place out; it might make her feel better. But she didn't know where there was a key to unlock the door. She could never remember Mrs. Rowe going down the stairs, or even opening the door. And Hattie thought of the hangover she was nursing, and of the foul smells oozing out from under the old door in the kitchen. Better that she rest, she decided, and went back to watch the morning game shows after putting the dishes in the sink. By evening the bottle beside the living room chair was nearly gone, and Hattie had to settle for a couple of cheese sandwiches for dinner because she didn't feel like cleaning out a pan.

Sometime in the afternoon the next day—or maybe the day after—Hattie woke to a pounding on the door. It took her a long time to force herself awake enough to realize what was happening, and even longer to force herself to get out of the chair and walk toward the door. Hattie walked slowly, trying to make her eyes focus on the figure silhouetted against the bright daylight. It was her daughter Gracie.

As she looked through the glass at her mother, Gracie's eyes opened wide. "Mama! What you been doin', Mama?"

No words came to Hattie's tongue; she only stared back.

"You look like a ghost, Mama! It's been gettin' you, just like Mrs. Johnson said it would. Just like Billy said."

No such thing was happening, Hattie wanted to say, but she couldn't find a way to say the words. Her brain felt numb, almost empty of thought. It was not a pleasant feeling, but at least it was not painful.

"Let me in, Mama. Let me in."

Hattie stared out through the glass at her daughter, her hand not moving toward the lock. There was nothing she could say—not that she was fine, or just go away, or anything at all. She just shook her head slowly, and that made her dizzy. Her eyes were blurry now; she'd been standing too long. It was time to sit down. She started to walk away.

The pounding on the door started again, and a voice seemed to be shouting "lemmie in, lemmie in," but the sound just drifted past Hattie. It was like the noise of a truck going by on the street, something that didn't matter and would go away if she waited long enough. The pounding went on as she sat down in the chair and poured herself a drink. She could no longer remember where the pounding was coming from. Maybe it was the television set. Something seemed to be wrong with the picture; it was a blurry



## Saratoga Winter



white against the dimness of the room. A while ago she'd pulled down all the shades to cut out the outside light, but now that didn't seem to be helping. She started to get up, but this time felt too dizzy. Maybe the problem would just go away if she left it alone. She could still hear the sound from the soap opera, and in the background there was a pounding that finally stopped. After another drink, she no longer cared that she couldn't see the picture on the television screen.

Time passed. Hattie didn't try to keep track of the days, if there were days. There was no need to. As long as she could force herself up once in a while to walk around, she could find a bottle, and then she no longer had to worry. It was so much easier that way. Sometimes she would grope about in the refrigerator and make herself a sandwich, or try to open up a can and heat up a hot meal. She'd run out of milk and Frosted Flakes, but that didn't matter because she no longer tried to keep track of mornings. She didn't feel hungry much, anyway.

When the crash came, she was drifting on the borders of oblivion in the living room chair. The sound partly roused her, and before she could try to tell herself that it was just the television, a gust of icy air hit her. Her eyes opened then, almost by reflex, and the sudden brightness almost blinded her. A dark figure ran across the room from the gaping hole that had been a window and now let the sunlight and the cold air pour in; somehow she recognized her son, Billy. He ran to the front door and seemed to fumble with it a moment. Then the door opened, and she saw two more figures come in. Her staring eyes watched them approach; they were her daughters.

"No, Gracie, no. Leave me be, please, leave me be," she said. She had wanted to shout, but the words came out as a hoarse whisper even Hattie could hardly hear.

The girls picked her up from the chair and carried her toward the door. The chill breeze between the broken window and the door made her shiver. She willed her muscles to fight, but there was no strength to move them. She thought she saw Billy dash back into the house with a can of something. He was throwing a strong-smelling liquid around the living room when Gracie and Rose carried her out into the blindingly white winter day, and she slipped back into oblivion.

The first time Hattie woke, she was alone in a hospital room and slipped quickly back into the darkness of unconsciousness. There were a series of flickering scenes after that: a gray-haired fat nurse taking her blood pressure, a much younger nurse inserting a needle into her arm. When at last she came up to stay, she found Gracie and Rose in the room with her. She stared at them, trying to sort out what had happened.

It was Gracie who broke the silence, sliding her chair beside the bed and speaking softly. "We got you out just in time, Mama. An' we got rid of it, too, so it won't try to get anybody else."

Hattie stared back blankly. She understood none of it. It was hard for her even to ask a simple one-word question: "Where?"

"Detox," Gracie said. Rose had gotten up and slipped out of the room. Hattie was still digesting the words when Rose came back with a tall black figure in white. The man took Rose's chair and pulled it beside the bed to sit down.

"I'm glad you're back with us, Mrs. Brown. You were on quite a toot there; it's taken us a while to dry you out. You did a lot of damage to yourself, not to mention the house."

Hattie looked at him with puzzled eyes, but it was Rose who answered her unspoken question.

"The house burnt down, Mama. Burnt to the ground. There's nothin' left but a big hole full of ashes."

Tears filled Hattie's eyes. It had been the only thing that she'd ever had, the only thing life had ever given her. It had come and gone so quickly.

"You're really a mighty lucky lady, Mrs. Brown. The firemen said the place went up like a tinderbox." Hattie looked at the doctor but her eyes could not focus on him through her tears. "Your kids went in and got you when they saw the fire. Mrs. Johnson saw it and told me all about it. You've got mighty brave kids; they saved your life, and you should be mighty grateful."

Hattie leaned back and closed her eyes, still feeling weak. That wasn't what she remembered. All she could think of was the sound of something screaming, something that had been trapped in the basement, something that had screamed in pain as the fire had come to it in what may or may not have been her dreams. 17

# TV's Twilight Zone: Part Nineteen

CONTINUING MARC SCOTT ZICREE'S  
SHOW-BY-SHOW GUIDE TO THE ENTIRE  
TWILIGHT ZONE TELEVISION SERIES,  
COMPLETE WITH ROD SERLING'S OPENING  
AND CLOSING NARRATIONS

*"You unlock this door with the key of imagination. Beyond it is another dimension—a dimension of sound, a dimension of sight, a dimension of mind. You're moving into a land of both shadow and substance, of things and ideas. You've just crossed over into the Twilight Zone."*



## 129. PROBE 7 — OVER AND OUT

Written by Rod Serling  
Producer: William Froug  
Director: Ted Post  
Dir. of Photography: Robert W. Pittack  
Music: Stock

### Cast

Col. Adam Cook: Richard Basehart  
Eve Norda: Antoinette Bower  
Lt. Blane: Barton Heyman  
Gen. Larrabee: Harold Gould

*"One Colonel Cook, a traveler in space. He's landed on a remote planet several million miles from his point of departure. He can make an inventory of his plight by just one 360-degree movement of head and eyes. Colonel Cook has been set adrift in an ocean of space in a metal lifeboat that has been scorched and destroyed and will never fly again. He survived the crash but his ordeal is yet to begin. Now he must give battle to loneliness. Now Colonel Cook must meet the unknown. It's a small planet set deep in space, but for Colonel Cook it's the Twilight Zone."*



After Probe 7 crashes, Cook receives a transmission from home telling him that a nuclear war has destroyed his planet—and that Cook, therefore, is stranded . . . permanently. Exploring outside his ship, he discovers a footprint. He invites whoever made the print to come out and be friendly, but all he gets for his trouble is a rock hurled at his skull. Eventually, however, the stranger does emerge; she is Norda, a space traveler, the sole survivor of her own planet when it

went out of its orbit. The two of them will start new lives together, on a first-name basis: his is Adam; hers is Eve. As for the planet, Eve gives it a name: Earth.

*"Do you know these people? Names familiar, are they? They lived a long time ago. Perhaps they're part fable, perhaps they're part fantasy. And perhaps the place they're walking to now is not really called 'Eden.' We offer it only as a presumption. This has been the Twilight Zone."*

### 130. THE 7th IS MADE UP OF PHANTOMS

Written by Rod Serling  
 Producer: Bert Granet  
 Director: Alan Crosland, Jr.  
 Dir. of Photography: George T. Clemens  
 Music: Stock  
 Cast

Sgt. Conners: Ron Foster  
 Pfc. McCluskey: Randy Boone  
 Cpl. Langsford: Warren Oates  
 Captain: Robert Bray  
 Lieutenant: Greg Morris  
 Scout: Wayne Mallory  
 Sergeant: Lew Brown  
 Corporal: Jacques Shelton  
 Radio Operator: Jeffrey Morris

*"June 25th, 1964—or, if you prefer, June 25th, 1876. The cast of characters in order of their appearance: a patrol of General Custer's cavalry and a patrol of National Guardsmen on a maneuver. Past and present are about to collide head-on, as they are about to do in a very special bivouac area known as . . . the Twilight Zone."*

### 131. A SHORT DRINK FROM A CERTAIN FOUNTAIN

Written by Rod Serling  
 Based on an idea by Lou Holtz  
 Producer: Bert Granet  
 Director: Bernard Girard  
 Dir. of Photography: George T. Clemens  
 Music: Stock  
 Cast  
 Harmon Gordon: Patrick O'Neal  
 Flora Gordon: Ruta Lee  
 Dr. Raymond Gordon: Walter Brooke

*"Picture of an aging man who leads his life, as Thoreau said, 'in quiet desperation.' Because Harmon Gordon is enslaved by a love affair with a wife forty years his junior. Because of this, he runs when he should walk. He surrenders when simple pride dictates a stand. He pines away for the lost morning of his life when he should be enjoying the evening. In short, Mr. Harmon Gordon seeks a fountain of youth, and who's to say he won't find it? This happens to be the Twilight Zone."*



During National Guard war games near the Little Big Horn, a three-man tank crew hears gunfire, then discovers a teepee and a canteen marked "7th Cavalry"—the outfit led to their deaths by General Custer in 1876. Next morning, driving along Rosebud Creek, the men see smoke signals and hear Indian war cries. Private McCluskey fires blind into a dust cloud—and a riderless Indian pony runs by. Both McCluskey and Sergeant Conners believe they somehow are pursuing the past and that soon they will find themselves in the middle of a massacre. Corporal Langsford thinks they are crazy, but then he stumbles upon a deserted Indian village—and

McCluskey gets an arrow in the back! Discarding their tank, the three struggle across Rosebud Creek to the scene of the battle and charge into the fray. Later, their superiors find the tank but no sign of the men . . . until they check the names of the dead listed at the Custer Battlefield National Memorial.

*"Sergeant William Conners, Trooper Michael McCluskey and Trooper Richard Langsford, who on a hot afternoon in June made a charge over a hill—and never returned. Look for this one under 'P' for phantom, in an historical ledger located in a reading room known as the Twilight Zone."*



Desperate to keep up with his gold-digger wife, wealthy Harmon Gordon begs his doctor brother to inject him with a highly experimental youth serum. Initially, the doctor refuses, but when Harmon threatens suicide he reluctantly agrees. At first, the serum's effects seem miraculous; Harmon is transformed into vigorous young manhood. But the formula continues to work—Harmon regresses into an infant. As his wife starts to walk out, Harmon's brother makes a threat that compels

her to stay: raise Harmon to adulthood, staying with him every minute—or be thrown out without a penny.

*"It happens to be a fact: as one gets older, one does get wiser. If you don't believe it, ask Flora. Ask her any day of the ensuing weeks of her life, as she takes note during the coming years and realizes that the worm has turned—youth has taken over. It's simply the way the calendar crumbles . . . in the Twilight Zone."* 17



# In Praise of Pip

## by Rod Serling

### CAST

Max Phillips ..... Jack Klugman  
 Pip ..... Billy Mumy  
 Pvt. Pip ..... Eob Diamond  
 Mrs. Feeny ..... Connie Gilchrist  
 Moran ..... John Launer  
 Doctor ..... Ross Elliot  
 Surgeon ..... Stuart Nisbet  
 George Reynold ..... Russell Horton  
 Lieutenant ..... Gerald Gordon  
 Gunman ..... Kreg Martin

FADE ON:

### 1. STANDARD OPENING

### 2. INT. CONVERTED SCHOOL HOUSE DAY

A big square room filled with wounded SOLDIERS, ORDERLIES moving back and forth, an AMERICAN DOCTOR who goes from one patient to the other. There is a sense of urgency, NOISE and immediacy as the patients are brought in—each tagged with the nature of the wound. OVER THIS SHOT IS THE LEGEND, "VIETNAM—THE PRESENT."

### 3. ANGLE SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM AN AMERICAN ARMY DOCTOR

As he approaches one particular stretcher just in the process of being laid down. A green-bereted SPECIAL FORCES LIEUTENANT looks up at the approaching doctor.

### DOCTOR

This the boy from Huong Hoa?

### LIEUTENANT

That's right, sir. We were caught in ambush.

### 4. TOP HAT ANGLE THE STRETCHER AND THE BOY

Lying on it. He is an incredibly young-looking soldier covered with a blanket, his face pasty white, eyes closed. The doctor reads from a tag attached to the blanket.

### DOCTOR

(reading)  
 "Multiple shrapnel, abdomen. Extensive tissue damage."

THE ORIGINAL  
 TELEVISION SCRIPT  
 FIRST AIRED ON CBS-TV  
 SEPTEMBER 27, 1963

(he shakes his head)  
 We can't touch him here.  
 We'll have to send him back.

### LIEUTENANT

What are his chances?

### DOCTOR

(shakes his head)  
 Not very good, I'm afraid.  
 (he reaches for the dog tags, reads from them aloud)  
 "Phillips, Pip," Pip. That's an odd name. Well, Private Pip . . . I wish you a long life . . . or, short of that . . . someone to mourn.

The two men very quietly start to walk out as the CAMERA PANS OVER to the boy's face on the stretcher as an errant agony crosses over him. His face contorts and he lets out an animal groan.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

### 5. INT. BEDROOM EXTREMELY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT MAX PHILLIPS NIGHT

Lying half-clothed on the bed

## In Praise of Pip

as he suddenly lets out a piercing scream and bolts to a sitting position.

### 6. ANOTHER ANGLE OF PHILLIPS

As he wipes the perspiration from his face, rises from the bed, crosses the room, is suddenly aware of the darkness, flicks on a light revealing the room to be a shabby typical second-rate rooming house kind of place. He goes over to the dresser, opens a drawer, takes out a pint bottle of whiskey, takes a long gulp, puts it down, looks at the picture of the young boy on the dresser, studies it for a moment and then, in a gentle gesture, dusts it off. There is a KNOCK on the door.

PHILLIPS

Yeah?.

The door opens. The landlady, MRS. FEENY, enters—middle-aged as is Phillips. She looks briefly at him, crosses the room, opens a window.

MRS. FEENY

Smells like a brewery in here.

Phillips lights a cigarette, leans against the dresser.

PHILLIPS

Nice, huh?

MRS. FEENY

Nice, no. Typical, yes. You got a visitor downstairs. Some kid.

PHILLIPS

Did I ever tell you I love you, Mrs. Feeny?

MRS. FEENY

(as she straightens out his bed)

Often and endlessly.  
(she looks appraisingly at him)  
You know what time it is?

PHILLIPS

First, tell me what day it is.

He starts to open dresser

drawers.

MRS. FEENY

It's eight o'clock—in the evening. It's September the thirteenth, nineteen hundred sixty-three. And you look like an X ray of an ulcer. Anything else you want to know?

PHILLIPS

(closing the dresser drawer)

Yeah. Where's a clean shirt?

MRS. FEENY

Lower right hand drawer.  
You got one left.

Phillips takes the shirt out of the drawer then turns and pinches her cheek.

PHILLIPS

I love you, Mrs. Feeny. You are the queen of women.  
Mailman come?

MRS. FEENY

Come and gone.

PHILLIPS

(a little tensely)  
Anything for me?

MRS. FEENY

(as she straightens up the towels on a rack near the bed)  
Nope.

PHILLIPS

Nothing from the kid?

MRS. FEENY

Not this time.  
(then looking at him—her voice much gentler)  
Don't worry about him.  
He's all right.

(she starts toward the door and in the process sees the bottle protruding out of the top dresser drawer)

You ain't doin' yourself any good—you know that.

PHILLIPS

(smiles wanly)  
That's an astute observation, Mrs. Feeny. I love you. I love your astute observations.

MRS. FEENY  
(seriously)

I mean it.

PHILLIPS

(staring at himself in the mirror)

I know you do.

(he chuckles softly but without any mirth)

PHILLIPS

I give you Max

Phillips—purveyor of tickets of chance on equestrian events.

(he picks up a bundle of tickets, snaps them like a deck of cards, turns to Mrs. Feeny)

But an observation of my own, Mrs. Feeny. One of these days I'm gonna drink my last drink. Accept my last bet. Perform my final con. And I'm gonna go out and meet Pip when he gets off the boat and tell him that his old man has wised up.

MRS. FEENY  
(very softly)

And when will that great day happen?

PHILLIPS

(a thin smile)  
One of these days.

MRS. FEENY

(shakes her head)  
That's what they're gonna put on your stone. "Mr. Max 'one of these days' Phillips."  
(she looks at him intently)  
It's kind of a pity, too.  
You're not such a bad guy.

PHILLIPS

(blowing a kiss at her)  
Mrs. Feeny. You are the paragon of all virtue.  
(he holds out his arms)  
I love you, Mrs. Feeny.  
Let's dance.

MRS. FEENY

(as she crosses over to the door)  
I'll send that kid up.



#### PHILLIPS

If you would. And then later on you and I will toast marshmallows together and sing camp songs.  
(he grins at her and winks)  
How about it, Mrs. Feeny.  
It's to laugh, isn't it? Isn't it to laugh.

She shakes her head and exits. Phillips turns, looks down at the picture of Pip on the dresser, picks it up, studies it, and a look crosses his face that is one of such love that in this moment his whole face changes.

#### SERLING'S VOICE

Submitted for your approval, one Max Phillips—a slightly-the-worse-for-wear maker of book . . . whose life has been as drab and undistinguished as a bundle of dirty clothes.

WHIP PAN OVER TO SERLING who stands in the corner of the room.

#### SERLING

And though it's very late in his day—he has an errand wish that the rest of his life might be sent out to a laundry to come back shining and clear; this to be a gift of love to a son named Pip. Mr. Max Phillips, homo sapien, who is soon to discover that man is not as wise as he thinks—said lesson to be learned in . . . the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK

#### OPENING BILLBOARD FIRST COMMERCIAL

#### ACT ONE

FADE ON

#### 7. INT. PHILLIPS' BEDROOM NIGHT

As GEORGE enters—a very young guy in his early twenties—desperate, ill at ease at this moment.

#### GEORGE

Hello, Mr. Phillips.

#### PHILLIPS

(examining an empty pack of cigarettes)

You want a cigarette?

#### GEORGE

(holds up the one he's smoking)

I've got one.

#### PHILLIPS

You got two?

The boy hands him a cigarette. Phillips takes it, lights it on the way over to the bed, lies down.

#### GEORGE

(nervously)

Shady Boy lost yesterday.

#### PHILLIPS

That's the way of the world, George. The rich get richer and the long shots lose. So what's to do?

#### GEORGE

You told me he had a good chance. You said he ran good on a wet track.

#### PHILLIPS

I said that?  
(he shrugs)

Proving how little I know about horses.

#### GEORGE

I bet every nickel I had on him. What am I gonna do?

#### PHILLIPS

(takes a deep drag on the cigarette, blows a couple of smoke rings)

Isn't that funny, George? I can't think of a thing.

#### GEORGE

(taking a step toward the bed)  
Big joke, huh? Lotsa laughs—

#### PHILLIPS

(looks at him)

Where'd you get the money, George? Where'd it come from?

#### GEORGE

(wetting his lips)  
I got it.

#### PHILLIPS

From where?

#### GEORGE

(looks up—his face tight)  
From where I work.

#### PHILLIPS

(a thin smile)

From where you work. A white-collar heist.

#### GEORGE

(quickly—almost a shout)  
I borrowed it—

#### PHILLIPS

(overlapping him)

You borrowed it!  
(he butts out the cigarette, sits up in bed)

Sure you borrowed it.

Without their knowing it, you borrowed it. How right am I?

George nods, looks down at his feet.

#### PHILLIPS

So what's to do?

#### GEORGE

I'll go to jail.

#### PHILLIPS

Now this I'll make book on.

# In Praise of Pip

(he clucks)

Poor Georgie Porgie. One of the breed. A Johnny-come-lately wisdom grafted onto a second-guesser head. So I ask you again, George—what's to do?

GEORGE

That's why I came. I have to have that money back there by tomorrow morning. If I don't—they'll know what I did.

PHILLIPS

Take note of this, George. I'm about to slip you the truth of the day. My name is Max Phillips. I'm a bookie. I accept wagers and give you ticket stubs on horses. I do not accept sad stories and give advice. Comprend?

George nods, silent.

PHILLIPS

However—I will unflex this much. I will go so far as to remind you that if you're dumb enough to bet on horses—not to mention so dumb as to steal the betting money—then, young George—you happen to be up the proverbial creek without the proverbial paddle.

GEORGE

(exploding)

Maybe we wouldn't be that dumb if guys like you didn't make it so easy for us!

PHILLIPS

(after a silence, nods, purses his lips, smiles)

You could be very right, George. How old are you?

GEORGE

Twenty.

PHILLIPS

(pointing toward the picture on the dresser)

My kid's nineteen. He wouldn't bet that twelve o'clock was midnight.

He rises from the bed, walks

over to the dresser, opens the top drawer, takes out an envelope, throws it at George who catches it.

PHILLIPS

Here's your dough. I didn't even send it in. You want to know why?

George looks up from the envelope, too full up to speak.

GEORGE

Mr. Phillips—

PHILLIPS

I'll tell you why. Two reasons. One—I've fleeced twelve kids like you this week. Cleaned them out and left them to bleach. You'd make number thirteen. I'm superstitious.

(a pause)

And the other reason? I got a kid, George.

(he points toward the picture on the dresser)

And if he ever got as dumb as you, I'd count it a favor if somebody straightened him out. Why don't you run along now.

GEORGE

(his lips tremble)

Mr. Phillips . . . what about . . . what about Moran?

What'll he say?

PHILLIPS

You're referring to the gentleman who employs me?

GEORGE

He's rough, isn't he?

PHILLIPS

Wrong. He's an angel. A kindly sensitive man.

GEORGE

If he finds out that you gave me back my money—he'll call it a welsh!

PHILLIPS

No doubt. But it'll belong to me.

He walks over to the dresser, takes the shirt, starts to put it on over his undershirt. He turns to see George still

staring at him.

PHILLIPS

Let me tell you something, George. You can welsh on a bet. That's twentieth century S.O.P.

(he shakes his head)

But don't get like me. Don't welsh on your soul. Then you wind up hating what you see in the mirror.

(he smiles crookedly)

Then it makes it tough shaving. Good night, Georgie Porgie. Sleep tight.

GEORGE

(moved)

Good night, Mr. Phillips.

God bless you.

He turns and walks out of the room.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 8. EXT. OCEANFRONT

A street full of aged hotels facing the ocean. The CAMERA PANS UP to one lighted window then DISSOLVES THROUGH to the:

## 9. INT. MORAN HOTEL ROOM NIGHT

MORAN is a stocky balding man in his forties who sits at a card table counting money. There is a KNOCK on the door. A nondescript TORPEDO sticks his head in.

TORPEDO

Max Phillips is outside.

Moran nods, motions, and then the torpedo steps aside. Phillips enters the room. Moran looks up at him.

MORAN

I haven't seen you in five days.

Phillips sits down near the table.

PHILLIPS

Seems like years. (he looks around)

Where is everybody?

MORAN

Everybody is gone. We



settled accounts tonight.  
Where were you?

**PHILLIPS**

A reasonable question.  
(he shrugs)

I took the wrong bus.

**MORAN**

You give me the wrong  
story now - and you'll wind  
up under its wheels.

He snaps his fingers, points to  
Phillips who grins, takes a  
thick envelope out of his  
pocket, throws it on the desk.

**PHILLIPS**

Here's thirteen hundred and  
forty-one dollars. Things are  
looking up.

**MORAN**

That depends on where  
you're doing the looking.  
From where I sit, I don't  
like the view.

(he leans back and lights a  
cigarette)

I don't understand you,  
Maxie. I treat you like a  
favorite uncle and then you  
double-cross me.

**PHILLIPS**

(his smile persists but his  
voice is tighter)

Egad - caught!

**MORAN**

(rises)

Kid by the name of George  
Reynold. Placed a bet with  
you. Three hundred bucks.  
His horse didn't place. Yet  
somehow the dough never  
got to me.

(he walks behind Phillips)

Why, Maxie?

**PHILLIPS**

(staring ahead)

I'll bite - why?

Moran goes to the door, opens  
it, gestures. The torpedo comes  
in holding George, pulls him  
around the back of the table  
and sits him down hard. There  
are bruises on his face. Moran  
throws George's envelope down  
on the table.

**MORAN**

Because you gave it back.  
You welshed on me. I had  
to go out and get the kid  
and then get my money  
back. Then I had to rough  
the kid up because he was  
stubborn. That was a lot of  
trouble.

**PHILLIPS**

(soft - quietly)

For three hundred lousy  
dollars - yeah. An awful lot  
of trouble.

**MORAN**

But you know what would  
happen if I let this one  
pass, Maxie. This'd be the  
first of a long line. And  
inside of three months I  
wouldn't have a shirt.

(a pause, he smiles)

The kid must've been  
persuasive.

**PHILLIPS**

(shrugs, looks away)

Ask the kid.

**MORAN**

Look at his face. He's been  
asked.

**GEORGE**

If I don't get my dough  
back - I'll go to jail. Don't  
you understand, Mr. Moran  
- I'll go to jail.

**MORAN**

You're tearing me to pieces,  
kid.

(he taps his chest)

Right in here.

(he points his cigarette at  
George)

You know what your  
trouble is? You listen to  
people like Max Phillips  
over here. That's mistake  
one. Max Phillips never gave  
anything away in his life.  
How right am I, Maxie?

**PHILLIPS**

(stares down at his hands)

Very right.

(he smiles lopsidedly at  
George)

A heel with a Robin Hood  
complex. But thin and  
short-lived, Georgie Porgie.  
Remember that next  
time anybody hands you  
something for free. Consider  
the source.

CUT TO:

## 10. SHOT ACROSS THE ROOM THE TELEPHONE

As it RINGS, Moran motions  
to the torpedo to pick it up.

**TORPEDO**

(picking up the receiver)

Yeah? Who?

(he looks up and across at  
Phillips)

He's busy now -

(a pause)

Awright, awright.

(he holds out the receiver to  
Phillips)

It's your landlady. Says  
there's a telegram for you.  
(he grins at George)

That's probably from your  
horse, kid, sayin' he's just  
comin' into the stretch and  
he should be by in time for  
next Easter.

## 11. MOVING SHOT PHILLIPS

As he crosses the room, takes  
the receiver.

**PHILLIPS**

(into the phone)



# In Praise of Pip

Yeah? Open it up, Mrs. Feeny, would you?  
(the muscles on his face grow taut)  
War Department? Yeah.  
Read it to me.

The CAMERA ARCS AROUND so that it is SHOOTING BENEATH him LOOKING UP into his face. Something happens to it. The animation seeps out and we're looking at the shell, the bone structure - agates taking the place of eyes.

PHILLIPS  
(in a dead voice)  
Thank you, Mrs. Feeny. No ... no, I'm all right. Thank you.

He places the receiver slowly back into its cradle.

## 12. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM

As he crosses the room over to a window.

## 13. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER OF PACIFIC OCEAN PARK

The ferris wheel, lights, the roller coaster, the White Way - all seem to fuse together in a morass of brightness.

PHILLIPS  
(very softly, as if to himself)  
Pip is dying. My kid is dying. A place called Laos.  
(he shakes his head slowly from side to side)

There isn't even a war there. But my kid is dying.  
(a pause as his head goes down)

It's to laugh. I swear ... it's to laugh.

FADE TO BLACK

ACT TWO

FADE ON

## 14. INT. MORAN'S ROOM NIGHT SHOT THROUGH THE WINDOW LOOKING TOWARD PHILLIPS

Over his shoulder we see

Moran, his face twisted up - looking like a foreigner in a strange place.

MORAN  
(softly)

Hey, Maxel. Hey, kid ... I'm real sorry.

## 15. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

As Phillips turns, faces the others.

PHILLIPS

My kid loved to go to amusement parks. I used to take him on Saturday nights.

MORAN

(thickly - stumbling)

Well, look ... he ain't dead yet. What I mean -

PHILLIPS

When I wasn't too drunk, or when I wasn't out conning for you, Moran - I'd take him to the amusement park.

## 16. MOVING SHOT PHILLIPS

As he walks over to the table, picks up the envelope, stares at it.

PHILLIPS

You know something, Moran? I think you're wrong. I've given something away.

(he looks up)

You know that? My kid. Pip. The good part of me. The clean part. The part I was proud of.

(he hands the envelope to George)

Put this back where it came from.

MORAN

(stunned now and totally unsure of himself)

Look, Max - I'm sorry about your kid and all, but that don't give you no call to -

PHILLIPS

(turns to him. Something in

his look shuts the other man off)

Moran - no more from you! No more. Twenty years ago I should've spit in your eye. (then much more quietly as he turns away)

Twenty years ago ... I should have remembered how little time a man has to raise a son.  
(he turns toward George)

A little belated honor now, George. Go ahead and get out of here. And walk fast. And don't look behind you.

## 17. ANOTHER ANGLE THE ROOM

As George heads for the door. The torpedo takes a step toward him, reaching into his coat.

## 18. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

Who takes out a knife, snaps it open. He holds it out in front of him.

PHILLIPS

Moran - if your boy is reaching for cigarettes, tell him the smoke bothers me. If he's reaching for anything else - tell him I'll cut his heart out before he halfway reaches it. And then, Moran - I'll go to work on you.

Moran makes a motion. The torpedo very quickly pulls out a gun, whirls around to point it toward Phillips.

## 19. ANOTHER ANGLE PHILLIPS

As he kicks over the card table and throws himself to the floor at the same moment the gun goes off.

## 20. TWO SHOT PHILLIPS AND THE TORPEDO

As Phillips stumbles, clutching his stomach, but at the same time swinging the knife up in an arc so that it buries itself in the torpedo's chest.



## 21. FULL SHOT THE ROOM

As Moran, wide-eyed with fright, makes a dash toward the door. Phillips straightens up and trips him halfway toward the door so that Moran slams against it. Phillips comes around behind him, clubs him—judo-style—on the back of the neck—two vicious, desperate swipes that collapse the other man.

## 22. SHOT THROUGH THE DOOR TOWARD GEORGE

Who stands on the landing.  
GEORGE  
Mr. Phillips—Mr. Phillips—

## 23. REVERSE ANGLE TOWARD PHILLIPS

As he stumbles against the door jamb, stands there—one hand clutching his stomach.

PHILLIPS  
Get lost, Georgie. Get lost in a hurry.

## 24. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD GEORGE

As he races down the steps. After a moment he's followed by Phillips who stumbles down the steps, the hand still clutching his stomach. Halfway down he has to stop, grab the railing. He holds onto it tightly. His eyes close in pain and then, calling on a hidden reservoir of strength, he straightens up, continues to walk down the stairs.

DISSOLVE TO:

## 25. EXT. P.O.P. NIGHT SHOT THROUGH THE GRILL GATE

Beyond the ticket takers' booth as Phillips walks INTO THE FRAME toward the gate. He stops in front of it, reaches out to steady himself, then leans against the grill, his face buried against it. His eyes slowly open to stare through toward the Midway beyond—empty and dark, totally devoid of people or sound. The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

## 26. TIGHT CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

Who smiles crookedly.  
PHILLIPS  
I was gonna change. A fact. I was gonna change. No more bets. No more bottles. And I was gonna meet Pip when he got off the boat.  
(a pause)  
So now there's no more bets and no more bottles . . . but there's no more Pip either.  
(a pause)  
The best laid schemes o' mice and men . . . gang aft a-gley . . . and leave us naught but grief and pain . . . for promised joy.  
(his eyes close again as he grips the iron grill)  
The best laid schemes of mice and men . . . and me. (his head goes down, resting on the iron railing)  
God . . . if I could . . . if I could only see him. If I could only talk to him.

(a pause)  
If I could only tell him!  
A PAN DOWN to Phillips' FEET. The shadow of the iron grill is on the ground.

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

## 27. INT. OPERATING ROOM SHOT OF THE FLOOR

With other shadows criss-crossing, then a PAN UP to an:

## 28. EXTREME ANGLE SHOT A SURGEON'S FACE

Then an ANESTHETIST and a NURSE alongside.

SURGEON

All right, my friends. That'll do it.  
(he looks at his watch)  
See if he'll survive an hour. If he can hang on for that long—I think he'll hang on for good.

## 29. ANOTHER ANGLE

As the CREAK of WHEELS can be heard and briefly we can see the "patient" being wheeled away. The CAMERA STAYS on the surgeon.

SURGEON

Good luck to you . . . what's his name? Pip? Good luck to you, Pip!

LAP DISSOLVE TO:

## 30. EXT. P.O.P. GRILLED GATE

As suddenly and again inexplicably the grill SQUEAKS open.

## 31. SHOT OF PHILLIPS

Whose head slowly rises, suddenly aware that the gate is opened. He moves slowly through the now open gate to stand at the beginning of the Midway.

CUT TO:

## 32. LONG ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN ON HIM

On either side are empty booths, a stationary ferris wheel, a quiet, unfunctioning roller coaster—a whole tableau of motionless shrouded stands and concessions.

## 33. ANOTHER CLOSER ANGLE OF PHILLIPS

As he takes a step down the Midway and then stops. His

# In Praise of Pip

eyes blink. The hand that's been held close to his stomach drops to his side. He is no longer aware of pain or anything else. He is only conscious of what he sees. A SLOW PAN AWAY from him to TAKE IN the object of his P.O.V. It's a SMALL BOY—age of about ten—who stands alone in the center of the Midway a hundred yards away. The little boy grins, holds up a hand and waves.

## 34. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD PHILLIPS

Who starts a slow WALK TOWARD THE CAMERA, pausing halfway to continue to stare. His head slowly moves from side to side—stunned, bewildered, and yet with his incredulosity is a sense of building joy. His lips move but it's a moment before words come out.

PHILLIPS

Pip? Hey, Pip!

WHIP PAN OVER TO:

## 35. THE BOY (PIP)

Who grins a little-boy grin.

PIP

Hey, pop. I been waiting.

## 36. ANOTHER ANGLE THE TWO OF THEM

As they meet. Phillips stares down at the boy then slowly sinks to his knees, first touching the boy's arm, then his shoulder, then cradling the boy's face in his hands with an almost inexpressible gentleness.

PHILLIPS  
(softly)

Hey, Pip. Hey, Pip, my boy.

PIP

Where yuh been? I been waiting for ever so long.

PHILLIPS  
(incredulous)  
Pip?

Again his hands fondle the boy's face and suddenly he grabs him and holds him tight.

## 37. CLOSE SHOT PIP AND PHILLIPS

In the embrace.

PHILLIPS

Why . . . why, Pip . . .  
you're ten years old.

(he holds the boy an arm's length away from him, staring into his face)

How come, Pip? How come  
you're ten years old again?

PIP

That's what I am, pop. I'm ten years old. And it's Saturday night. And you said to meet you on the Midway. And I been waiting. I was afraid you weren't going to come.

PHILLIPS

(his eyes filling with tears)

Pip . . . I don't understand.  
I really don't understand.

## 38. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD THE BOY

PIP

Sometimes you don't show up, pop. Sometimes you're . . . you're sick or something.

## 39. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING TOWARD PHILLIPS

Who smiles.

PHILLIPS

Pip? Remember what I used to say to you? Remember?

## 40. CLOSE SHOT PIP

Who nods, smiles.

PIP

I remember.

## 41. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

PHILLIPS

I used to say . . . "hey, Pip! Who's your best buddy, Pip?"

## 42. CLOSE SHOT PIP

His smile is a dazzling little-boy thing.

PIP

Hey, pop. You're my best buddy.

## 43. TWO SHOT

As Phillips' lips tremble. He wants to clutch at this boy, envelop him, hold him tightly, protect him and at the same time show him the acme of love that only a father can feel for his flesh. This is all indicated in just his touch and his look. Finally he rises.

PHILLIPS

What'll we do, Pip? What do you want to do?

PIP

(looking up at him)

How about some rides, pop?  
Or some cotton candy?

PHILLIPS

(smiles and winks)

Sure, some rides. And some cotton candy. Anything you want. Anything at all, Pip. (another silence as he stares down at the boy)

But you're ten years old again. And I don't understand.

PIP

It doesn't make any difference, pop. We're here. And we're together. And we can go on some rides.

PHILLIPS

(nods)

Sure we can. Sure we can, Pip.

He looks around at the emptiness surrounding them, and as he does, we:

CUT TO:

## 44. FULL SHOT THE AREA

As lights slowly begin to go on, as if on a rheostat, throwing the whole place into an odd brightness with just the two of them in the foreground. Hand in hand,



they start to walk down the Midway.

CUT TO:

#### 45. ANGLE OF THEM

As they approach a closed cotton candy stand.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

#### 46. ANOTHER ANGLE OF THEM

Leaving the cotton candy stand - Pip, with his face half-covered with purple sugar, digging in joyfully into the fluffy mess.

ABRUPT CUT TO:

#### 47. TILT SHOT

As they continue down the Midway, talking in pantomime, then talking volubly - excitedly, delightedly - full of the joy of being together.

#### 48-55. SERIES OF TILT SHOTS

As they move around the Midway - first going into a ride, then up in the ferris wheel, then moving back down the Midway - this time with soda pop and hot dogs.

#### 56. CLOSE SHOT THE TWO OF THEM

As they APPROACH THE CAMERA, pausing to look around. The boy looks up at the father - the adoration, the worship and the love that boys feel for men shining on his face. Phillips looks down, blinks his eyes, grabs the boy's hand tighter.

PHILLIPS

Hey, Pip! Who's your best buddy?

PIP

(looking up)

You, pop. You're my best buddy.

#### 57. ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT THE BOY'S FACE

As at this moment something changes.

#### 58. REVERSE ANGLE LOOKING UP TOWARD PHILLIPS

Who senses the change. His eyes narrow.

PHILLIPS

Pip - what's the matter?

#### 59. ANOTHER ANGLE

As the boy takes a few more steps away from him and Phillips, with a sense of urgency bordering on frightened panicky desperation, moves closer to him again.

PHILLIPS

Pip - what's happening? What's the matter?

#### 60. ANOTHER ANGLE THE MIDWAY

As Pip starts to walk away from him - first a little boy shuffle then a fast walk then finally a trot.

#### 61. ANOTHER ANGLE PHILLIPS

As he starts to run after him, stopping, stumbling, clutching at his stomach for a moment.

PHILLIPS

(shouting)

Pip! Pip - listen to me!

#### 62-66. SERIES OF TILT SHOTS THE MIDWAY

The boy being pursued by Phillips with first the boy's face being shown and then Phillips'. There is nothing frightened about the boy and nothing urgent. Just a quiet resolve. Phillips is becoming more and more panicky - more and more conscious of loss - more and more aware that something is inexplicably and yet totally departing from him.

CUT TO:

#### 67. CLOSE SHOT 'HOUSE OF MIRRORS'

As Pip reaches it.

#### 68. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER OF PHILLIPS

Who stumbles toward him.

PHILLIPS

Pip! Pip, please -

The boy slowly turns. The SHOT OF HIM now takes in SEVERAL REFLECTIONS OF HIM in front of the House of Mirrors, including several reflections of his father.

#### 69. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

PHILLIPS

Pip! You have to understand this. You have to listen to me and understand. All those times . . . all those times I wasn't around . . . when I was out conning. When I was a shill. When I was drunk. When I dragged you from one rooming house to another -

PIP

(screaming)

It doesn't make any difference now, pop -

PHILLIPS

(with urgency)

Pip, it makes a difference. It makes a difference because I

# In Praise of Pip

want you to know that no man . . . listen to me, son . . . no man ever loved a boy any more than I love you. Do you understand, Pip? It was because I was weak. It was because I always dreamed instead of, did. I always wished and hoped . . . and never tried. But, Pip . . . as God is my witness . . . I loved you, Pip. (he takes a step toward him, a hand outstretched)

I wouldn't be able to put it in words, Pip. There isn't any language. But I love you -

WHIP PAN OVER TO:

## 70. "THE HOUSE OF MIRRORS"

Pip is no longer standing there but we SEE his reflection as it moves into the labyrinth of polished glass.

## 71. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

As he takes off in a stumbling, agonized run - slamming against one of the polished panels, his face sweaty, anguished, desperate. He looks left and right, pounds on the mirror in front of him.

## PHILLIPS

Pip! Pip, you can't leave now! You can't go away from me now, Pip!

## 72. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN

As Phillips starts into the corridor of mirrors.

## 73. MOVING SHOT WITH HIM HIS P.O.V.

First he sees his reflection, 100

intermittently slamming against it - then a fleeting look of the boy, always just a few feet ahead of him and always disappearing by the time Phillips reaches him.

## 74-78. SERIES OF TILT, ANGLE SHOTS

Of this nightmarish walk through a world of image that ends on an:

## 79. ABRUPT CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

As he stops dead in his tracks in a small rectangular area. All the reflections around him are that of the boy as he just stands there quietly looking toward his father.

## 80. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

As at this moment there is the LOUD SOUND of DISTANT CHIMES ringing out the midnight hour.

## 81. CLOSE SHOT THE REFLECTIONS

## PIP

The hour is up now, 'pop. I have to go.

(a pause)

I don't belong here. You see, pop . . . the hour is up and . . . and I'm dying.

## 82. CLOSE SHOT PHILLIPS

The words get wrenched out from deep inside of him.

## PHILLIPS

You're just a kid, Pip. You're just a little boy.

(he shakes his head)

You can't die! (then, shouting)

You can't die, Pip! There's too much I have to tell you. Too much I have to make up to you. I want to spend the rest of my life being with you. Doing things for you. Giving you things, Pip. That's all I could ever live for now. That's the only thing that means anything. (he takes a step toward him, his features contorted)

Pip! Pip, I promise. No more bottles. No more con jobs.

Understand? No more having to wait for me, Pip - His features suddenly contort, his eyes shut tight. He stumbles, lurching sideways, smashing against one of the mirrors - and in doing so the sweep of his arm smashes at it, cracks it, and then breaks it. He very slowly, losing strength, sinks to his knees. He looks down at the scattered fragments of glass.

## 83. SHOT OVER HIS SHOULDER

We see the reflection of Pip in the broken glass as it fades away.

## PIP

I'm dying, pop. I'm sorry . . . but I have to go back -

Phillips smashes the palms of his hands down on the ground, squatting there like a wounded animal.

## PHILLIPS

Why, Pip? Why?

At this point the reflection dies away completely. Phillips lurches to his feet, the motion pushing him backward to slam yet another panel of the mirror.

## 84. HIGH ANGLE SHOT LOOKING DOWN AT HIM

As he turns, walks stiffly, rigidly, lurching like an automaton with its controls shot away through the rest of the mirrored corridors and



# **86. LONG SHOT THE MIDWAY**

As Phillips comes out of the House of Mirrors. He stops as the lights on either side of him start to dim. The ferris wheel that has been moving comes to a stop. The blinking neon turns into darkness. The lit stands suddenly are shrouded in shadow

# **86. HIGH ANGLE LOOKING DOWN AT PHILLIPS**

As he slowly lifts his head, tears rolling down his cheeks.

PHILLIPS

Hey, God, Hey, God - I'll make a deal. I give you . . . I give you the sodden carcass of a weak and aging idiot. I give you me. All you have to do is give back Pip. (then collecting what little strength remains in the dying body, his voice suddenly takes on clarity and body)

Please, God. Don't take my boy. Don't take Pip. Take me!

He slowly sinks to his knees and remains there, head down, as the CAMERA PULLS AWAY past the stalls, past the ferris wheel, past the lights. A wind comes up, sweeping away the debris of the day's pleasures. Bits of paper float by - a half-eaten ice cream cone, the

CUT TO: fragment of a newspaper, an advertising circular. We take a SLOW LAP DISSOLVE on this tableau until the picture is now:

# **87. EXT. P.O.P. AMUSEMENT PARK DAY**

This time functioning as it always functions. Full of LAUGHING CHILDREN, NOISE, excitement, lights, movement, the rumbling roll of the roller coaster, the MUSIC of the CALLIOPE, the laughter of THE PEOPLE.

# **88. LONG SHOT PIP**

Still in uniform and supporting himself on a cane as he comes through the iron-grilled gate, pauses, looks around. Behind him, Mrs. Feeny comes through the gate carrying a handful of tickets with her other hand clutching to a LITTLE GIRL.

MRS. FEENY

Pip? You all right?

PIP

(turns to her, smiling)  
I'm just fine.

MRS. FEENY

This leprechaun grandkid of mine wants to go on the ferris wheel. Want to go with us?

PIP

No, I'll just sort of . . . sort of walk around.

# **89. CLOSE SHOT MRS. FEENY**

Who blinks.

MRS. FEENY

Your father, God rest his soul, used to talk about . . . about taking you here all the time.

PIP

We had some good times. We had some wonderful times.

There is a silence. Mrs. Feeny grabs tighter to her granddaughter's hand.

MRS. FEENY

We'll meet you over there by the ferris wheel when we get off.

PIP

Sure. Have a good time.

Mrs. Feeny, clutching to the child's hand, walks away from him.

# **90. SHOT OF PIP**

As he walks over to a bench and sits down, looking at the people, listening to the noises, smelling the smells. The CAMERA MOVES IN for a:

# **91. VERY TIGHT CLOSE SHOT OF HIM**

PIP

(very slowly)

Hey, pop. You're my best buddy. You always were.

THE CAMERA STARTS TO DOLLY AWAY from him until we're SHOOTING DOWN AT THE MIDWAY.

SERLING'S VOICE

Very little comment here, save for this small aside. That the ties of flesh are deep and strong; that the capacity to love is a vital, rich, and all-consuming function of the human animal.

(a pause)

And that you can find nobility and sacrifice and love wherever you may seek it out. Down the block . . . in the heart . . . or in . . . the Twilight Zone.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END

# THE TWILIGHT ZONE Magazine

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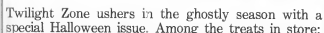


APRIL '81: Stephen King interview; *Grahl* by Harlan Ellison; *The Rose Wall* by Joyce Carol Oates; *Show-by-Show Guide to TV's 'Twilight Zone,'* part 1; new stories by Robert Sheckley, George R. R. Martin, Felice Picano, & Ron Goulart; *Walking Distance*, classic Serling script; *Escape from New York* preview; Rod Serling biography. MAY: Original fiction by Robert Silverberg, Joe Haldeman, Roger Zelazny, Spider Robinson, & others; Peter Straub interview; Tanith Lee novelette; classic Serling script, *The Monsters Are Due on Maple Street*; *Show-by-Show #2*; preview of *The Hand*. JUNE: Stephen King's new thriller, *The Jaunt*; Robert Bloch interview; two long-lost tales by Anthony Boucher; classic TZ script, *The After Hours*; 100 Years of Fantasy Illustration; *Outland* preview; *Show-by-Show #3*. JULY: A dozen new tales by Robert Silverberg, Robert Sheckley, Ron Goulart, Charles L. Grant, Stanley Schmidt, & others; *Superman's* Richard Donner on directing *The Twilight Zone*; Serling's tv chiller, *The Eye of the Beholder*; *Show-by-Show #4*. SEPTEMBER: Richard Matheson interview; new fiction by John Sladek, Gary Brandner, & Parke Godwin; TV history, *Forerunners of 'The Twilight Zone'*; Serling classic, *Time Enough at Last*; *Dr. Van Helsing* on fear of ghosts; *Show-by-Show #6*. OCTOBER: New stories by Robert Sheckley, Pamela Sargent, George Clayton Johnson, Donald Olson; Matheson interview, part 2; preview, *The Beast Within*; TZ script, *The Big Tall Wish*; *Show-by-Show #7*. NOVEMBER: New tales by Tanith Lee, Thomas Disch, Ramsey Campbell, Stanley Schmidt, & Clark Howard; John Saul interview; TZ script, *Death's Head Revisited*; preview of *Halloween II*; *Dr. Van Helsing* on the joy of terror; *Show-by-Show #8*. DECEMBER: An outspoken interview with Harlan Ellison; *The Midnight Sun*, TZ classic script; M. R. James profile & James classic, *The Ash-Tree*; *Quest for Fire* preview; 8 new tales of humor & horror; *Show-by-Show #9*. JANUARY '82: Rod Serling recalls *My Most Memorable Christmas*; Frank Belknap Long recalls H. P. Lovecraft; *Ghost Story* preview; fiction by Robert Sheckley, Reginald Bretton, Parke Godwin, Connie Willis, & John Morressy; *The Night of the Meek*, Santa in TZ classic; LeFanu profile & classic tale; *Show-by-Show #10*. MARCH: Fritz Leiber interview, plus Leiber classic; 8 new tales by Ron Goulart, Robert Vardeman, & others; on the set of *The Thing*; preview of *Stab*, with Roy Scheider & Meryl Streep, Serling's *A Passage for Trumpet*; *Show-by-Show #12*. APRIL: Anniversary Special, with TZ's 3 story contest winners; Rod Serling's last interview; tales by Joan Aiken, Harlan Ellison, Ramsey Campbell, & George Alec Effinger; *Cat People* preview; William Hope Hodgson horror classic & profile; TZ cast party; *Show-by-Show #13*. MAY: Peter Straub's new novelette, *The General's Wife*; Terry Gilliam interview; on the *Creepshow* set with Stephen King & George Romero; Serling's *The Four of Us Are Dying*, plus George Clayton Johnson's original story; 7 new tales by Connie Willis, Kit Reed, & others; *Dark Crystal* preview; Tierney's *Doomsday Poems*; *Show-by-Show #14*. JUNE: Richard Matheson's unseen TZ script, *The Doll*; Philip K. Dick interview; *Blade Runner* preview; *Fantasy in Clay*, photo feature; 9 new tales by Pamela Sargent, Richard Christian Matheson, & others; *Show-by-Show #15*. JULY: Stories by Robert Silverberg, Joan Aiken, & Joe Lansdale; Stephen King on films, Thomas Disch on books; Robertson Davies interview & story; *Ghostly Britain* photos; preview of *The Thing*; Serling's 100 Years *Over the Rim*; Making *The Last Horror Film*; *Show-by-Show #16*.

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- A fascinating interview with **John Carpenter**, the man who started it all with the groundbreaking **HALLOWEEN** and then went on to create **THE FOG**, **ESCAPE FROM NEW YORK**, and this summer's controversial shocker, **THE THING**. Next on his cinematic agenda is **Stephen King's FIRESTARTER**.
- **Stephen King** himself contributes a film preview of **THE EVIL DEAD**—and he'll tell you why it deserves to stand in the Low-Budget Horror Hall of Fame.
- **Gahan Wilson** returns as **TZ's** regular movie reviewer. Test your own opinions against his.
- And test your wits in **TZ's** latest **HORROR QUIZ**. Movie buffs should do well on this one.
- Book critic **THOMAS DISCH** surveys the fantasy lineup and, as ever, calls 'em as he sees 'em.

- Celebrate Halloween with eight great new stories—including **NIGHT CRY**, **HELL IS MURKY**, **THE SPOOK MAN**, and **HALLOWEEN GIRL**.
- And what better place to celebrate Halloween than in a cemetery? TZ takes a special **PHOTO-TOUR** through a land of graves, and leaves no stone unturned.
- And don't miss **LEVITATION**, an ingenious supernatural classic by **Joseph Payne Brennan**, guest of honor at this year's World Fantasy Convention.
- War comes to the Twilight Zone in Rod Serling's unforgettable script, **A QUALITY OF MERCY**, complete with photos from the original TZ episode. (And—good Lord!—it's **Leonard Nimoy** in a minor role.)
- **BAIRD SEARLES** surveys the strange breed known as "fantasy fan"—and discovers that there are really *two* breeds . . . who sometimes don't even *like* each other!
- **Mark Scott Zicree** takes you back to *The Twilight Zone*'s final year in another installment of his **SHOW-BY-SHOW GUIDE**. All this in November's TZ—just in time for Halloween.